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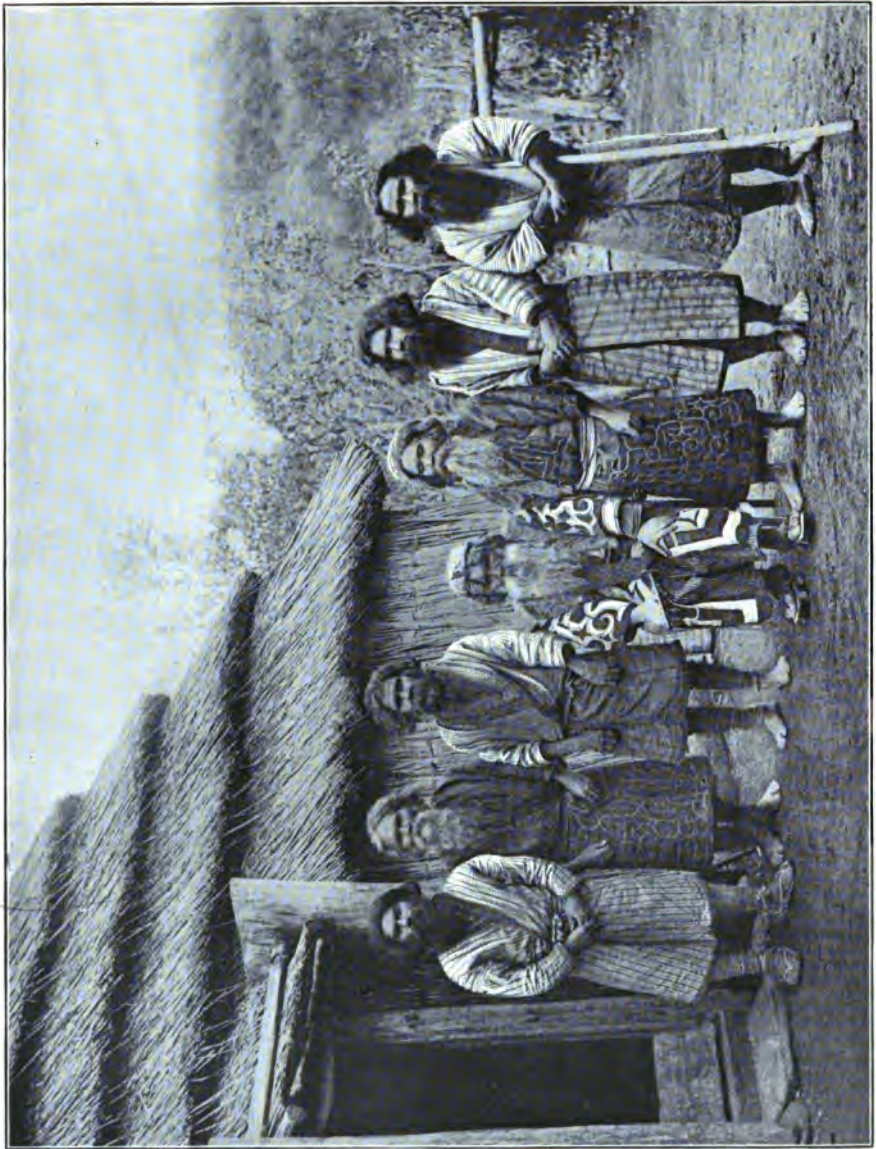
FROM THE GIFT OF
MISS HESTER BANCROFT

IN MEMORY OF HER FATHER
JOHN CHANDLER BANCROFT


(Class of 1854)

OF
BOSTON

17.11



Chief Penri and his Companions outside his Hut at Piratori.

SEA-GIRT 

  YEZO.

Glimpses at Missionary Work in North Japan.

BY

THE REV. JOHN BATCHELOR

(*C.M.S. Missionary in Yezo*),

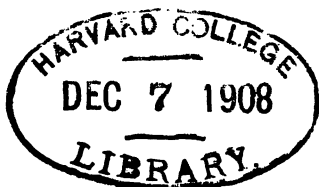
AUTHOR OF "THE AINU OF JAPAN," "AINU FOLK LORE," ETC.]

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PREFACE.

THIS book is written for young people and is intended to give a few peeps at missionary work as carried on in the Hokkaido Jurisdiction—North Japan. While it is largely autobiographical, it also gives many short glimpses of various aspects both of the work of the preacher and teacher and also of the psychological development of the believer. Some of the things related may appear to be almost incredible; nevertheless they are perfectly true. There is much in our Blessed Religion which, before experience, might be taken as incredible. But missionary work means just a practical witnessing for Christ, and therefore, to be logical, we must expect to find wonderful things experienced in it. The day of miracles is *not* over, for there are many spiritual miracles wrought at the present day among the Heathen which only those engaged in this work are able to see. These are to be regarded as seals and signs that the Gospel is true. Miracles of conversion are recorded in this book, and it is hoped that every young Reader may be led to regard them as such. That the Master Himself may bless these pages to the Reader is the earnest prayer of the Author.

Easter, 1902.



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SEA-GIRT YEZO.

CHAPTER I.

CONCERNING THE ISLAND OF YEZO.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”
St. Mark xvi. 15.

YOU will notice that I have headed this chapter, “Concerning the Island of Yezo.” And I will tell you at once that the purpose of the whole book is to give information about the work of the Church Missionary Society for Jesus Christ in that part of the world.

It is written by one who has been engaged in this Mission almost from its commencement, and contains only such matters as have been gathered out of his own experience. The people mentioned in it have all been personal friends, and the incidents recorded are only those which have come under his own eye.

“Yezo! Let me think now. I have heard of that place some-

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where! Where is it? What kind of a land is it? Is the country called by the name of Yezo a beautiful one, and is it hot or cold there? Is it wet or dry? Is it healthy or unhealthy? What sort of people live there? Are the natives white or black?—white like ourselves, or black like the Negroes? Are they yellow like the Chinese, or copper-coloured like the Red Indians? Are they mild and gentle in disposition like some of the tribes of Africa, or are they savage and cruel like the head-hunters of Formosa and the Dyaks of Borneo? Are they short and stumpy like the Central African dwarfs, or tall and straight like the big Sikhs of India? Do they go about naked like some of the people of the Upper Nile, or do they clothe themselves as thickly as the Eskimo of the Arctic regions? And are they few or many in number? What, too, has the Church Missionary Society done among them in the past, and what is being done by the Society now? How many missionaries have been sent to the people, and what are their names? Where are their stations? Do the inhabitants of the island listen readily to the Gospel message? How many of them have professed faith in the Lord Jesus? Have they any churches? If so, are they well attended?"

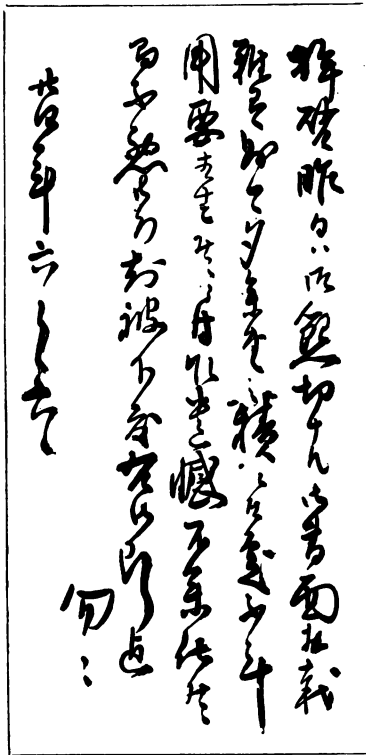
The reader may perhaps feel inclined to ask many of these questions, and various others like them. If so, I will inform him at once that they are the very things this little book desires to speak to him about, so that if he will have the patience to read it carefully through, I think he will find most of them answered before he gets to the end.

The name Yezo is most likely of Ainu origin, and, if so, the word means "abounding in game." It is a name which was formerly applied to an island in far-away North Japan, and was probably given to it by the Ainu because in olden times there were many herds of deer and large numbers of bears, wolves, foxes, hares,



and otters, as well as multitudes of other animals living among the mountains and upon the plains. And besides these, there was plenty of wild fowl, such as ducks, greebe, geese, and swans, and swarms of salmon and abundance of other fishes along the sea-coast and in the rivers and lakes.

Since the Japanese have crossed to this island the name has been changed, so that the place is now called Hokkaido. This word is of Chinese origin, and means "Northern-sea-circuit." If any one desires to know how it is that a Japanese island has a Chinese name given to it, he must remember that the Japanese have borrowed the characters or letters with which to write the names of their islands, cities, towns, and villages from their Chinese neighbours. They did this because they formerly had no suitable writing of their own to do it with. But it must not be imagined that because they have Chinese names therefore the places belong to



Mixed Japanese and Chinese Writing.

China, for this is not so by any means. So far as is known, no part of the Japanese Empire, Formosa excluded, ever belonged to China.

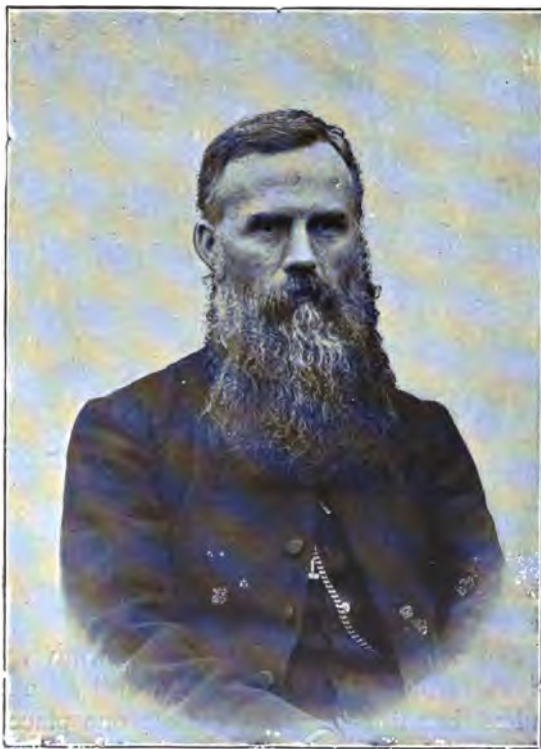
Hokkaido is a more comprehensive term than Yezo. That is to say, it embraces more, for it includes the Kurile Islands, and several others besides Yezo in it. The Kurile Islands lie off the north-eastern and the other islands off the western coasts. Only the older name, i.e. Yezo, is used in this book, and it is meant to cover all the C.M.S. work in the Hokkaido Jurisdiction, whether it be in Yezo proper or in the adjacent islands just mentioned.

There is just another fact which ought to be mentioned perhaps before proceeding, and it is this. The name Yezo used also to be applied to the northern portions of the Main Island of Japan. And

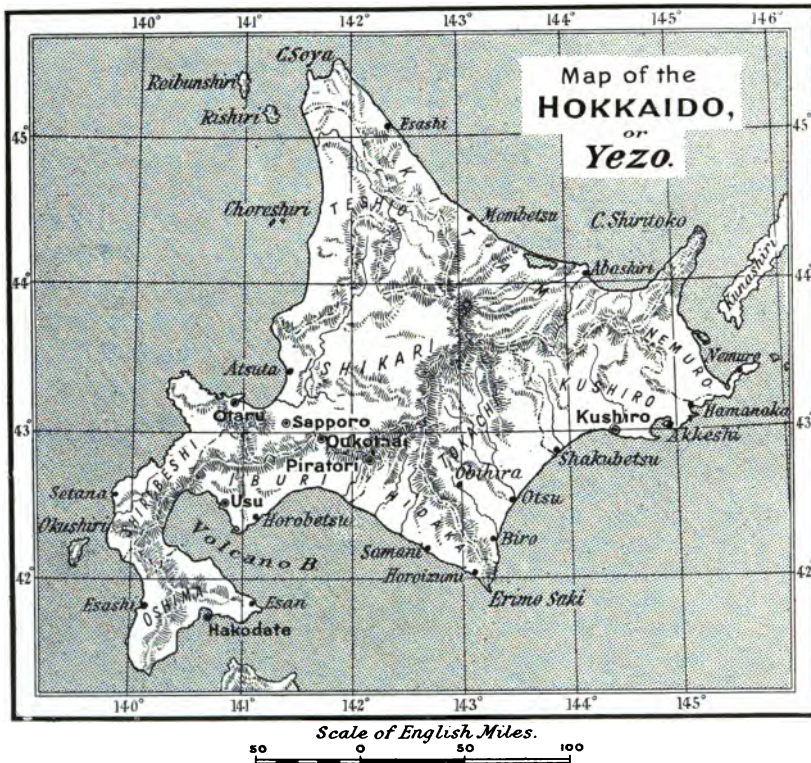
not only so, but it is also the name by which the ancient Japanese knew the Ainu. *Yezo* was the Fatherland and *Yezo-jin* was the Ainu race, so that in use it is very like *England* and *English*.

It will be noticed that I have called Hokkaido a "Jurisdiction." This is a very long word, to be sure, but many of my readers will, of course, know that the use of this word implies someone in

authority in Yezo to oversee the work, and, therefore, will perhaps ask, "But is there a Bishop in Yezo? If so, what is his name?" To these questions I can happily answer, "Yes, we have our Bishop; and his name is Bishop Fyson." Bishop Fyson was the first and only C.M.S. missionary ever sent to Niigata. This was many years ago. After living and working in that city for several years, Mr. Fyson went to Tokyo, and then to Osaka and Yokohama. He did a great deal of work in translating the Holy Bible and Prayer-book into Japanese. It was in the year 1896 that he was appointed Bishop of Hokkaido. We all considered ourselves especially fortunate in having him set over us, and when he came amongst us he was welcomed most sincerely both by English and Japanese alike. The fact of our having a Bishop will help to



The Right Rev. Bishop Fyson.



show you that Yezo is considered to be an important missionary centre.

If you will refer to the map I now give, you will see that Yezo is divided from the mainland of Japan by a narrow strait. This strait is less than fifteen miles across at one place. In size the island is about as large as Ireland, and although so small, as compared with the rest of Japan, it forms a most important portion of the

Emperor's dominions. Close to it is situated a place called Saghalien, which is a Russian convict station, and lies off the coasts of Siberia. The herbs, trees, and flowers, and also the birds, fishes, and animals of Yezo, are like those found in England and other parts of Europe, and do not resemble those to be seen elsewhere in Japan, which are similar to the kinds found in Asia. By this you will understand that Yezo is very much like home, and is a sub-region of Europe. It is more mountainous than Great Britain, however, and a little hotter in summer and slightly colder during the winter months. And, besides, it has a large number of volcanoes, and many sulphur and other kinds of mineral hot springs upon it. Earthquakes, too, though not often severe, are somewhat frequent.

Please look at the map once again. You will see by it that the island may, without any very great stretch of imagination, be said to resemble a ray-fish in shape. It has a population of a little more than a million Japanese and just under sixteen thousand Ainu living on it. The word *Ainu* (pronounced *I-nu* in English) means "man" or "men," and is the name by which the abo-



Boiling Sulphur Springs.

rigines of Japan know themselves. When I say that the Ainu are the "aborigines of Japan," I mean that they formerly inhabited the whole of Japan, and were, therefore, once much more numerous than they are to-day.

The Japanese are increasing very fast on the island, for thousands upon thousands of them migrate here from the main islands of the Mikado's Empire every year. But the poor Ainu are gradually dying out; and indeed I do not suppose there will be many true Ainu left in fifty years' time, while their language will, I think, have become almost a thing of the past within twenty years. This seems to us to be a great pity, for it is always sad to hear of a race of people becoming quite extinct. But God has permitted it for some wise reason, of which we are at present ignorant. Perhaps we shall know all about it some day, at the end of time, for it is God, and God only, Who allows these things to come to pass.

"But are the people, Japanese and Ainu too, favourable to the Gospel of their salvation?" It is a great joy to us to be able to answer "Yes" to this question. It is true, indeed, that we now and then meet one or two who are against it, as in other parts of Japan; but this is almost always because they do not understand its meaning and object. But for the most part the people are certainly in favour of it. We therefore rejoice, well knowing what the result must be, namely, the salvation of many souls for ever.

Yezo has a rich soil in many places, and God has been pleased to place much mineral wealth in the island. The Japanese are among the wisest of people, and are very pushing and thrifty; while, sad to say, the Ainu are far less active and much less thoughtful for the future. They do not appear to have any very great desire for anything beyond the immediate present, and therefore do not exert themselves more than they are obliged to do. And as for turning to and developing the country, why, they have never thought of such a thing! I am now speaking of the majority of the people,

who, as you know, are Heathen. But the Christians are different, for these have learned to take a real interest in their work and are trying to make some little provision for the future. It is because the Japanese are more active and thoughtful than the Ainu that



Ainu Boys at farming work, Hakodate Mission School.

they come to Yezo in such large numbers and are so prosperous. Indeed, one cannot help saying that they work so well and act so thriftily that they deserve to prosper.

“But,” perhaps you will ask, “what do they work at?” To this I reply: Some of them come to seek gold, lead, copper, silver, or



A Pathway in Japan.

coal in the various mines ; others take up fishing stations along the sea-coast, where they catch many kinds of fish, such as salmon, cod, herrings, sardines, as well as sharks, dolphins, and even sea-leopards and whales. These they dry and export to other parts of Japan and also to China. Many thousands of tons of herrings and sardines are boiled upon the coast as soon as caught and thoroughly pressed in wooden frames. The oil thus extracted from them is used for lighting and lubricating purposes, while the solid parts make guano, which is exported to Southern Japan for use on the rice-fields. Thousands of Japanese make a good living out of this industry. Some, again, come to cut down timber for sale, of which there is an enormous quantity. Tens of thousands of sleepers are sent from here for the railways in China every year. Matches are also made out of the poplar-trees and, I hear, find their way to the remote parts of India, China, and even Burma. Other Japanese come and settle down and farm the land around their homes. It is a great pleasure to see the country being gradually developed in this way. Twenty-five years ago one used to find it very



An Ainu Bear-hunter.

monotonous sometimes, or even quite tedious, I am afraid, to be obliged to ride on horseback along a small bridle-path through miles upon miles of forest with scarcely any clearings to relieve the view ; it was often very lonely as well as trying to the eyes. At that time the Japanese population did not exceed two hundred and thirty thousand souls for the whole of Yezo, and the Ainu somewhere about twenty thousand. This



The Man who was afraid to manure my Garden.

latter race never cultivated any gardens to speak of, and as for digging and manuring them, that was altogether out of the question. For it must be remembered that the Ainu have always been hunters and fishermen. Their villages, too, are small and very far apart in some cases. Nor have they in any way developed the mines ; indeed, they did not even know what a mine was till the Japanese came among them. I used to think it very wrong of the Ainu not to make better gardens for themselves, and was under the impression that it was idleness which

kept them from doing so. But in this I was quite wrong. It was really not idleness that stood in the way, but religion. Thus, for example, had the ancient Ainu known the value of iron and other minerals and how to work them, they could not have made mines, because their religion taught them that by digging deep holes in the earth they would be disturbing the gods and demons who, it was supposed, resided there. If they were disturbed the people thought they would

come out and punish them with all kinds of evil. It was just the same thing with regard to digging the gardens, for they believed that by doing so they would be insulting the gods who watch over the land. In this way you will see how the heathen religions do in some cases and in some matters prevent progress and prosperity. One old man once refused to put manure on my garden because he was, he said, afraid of offending the gods.

It seemed right and natural under such circumstances that the Japanese should come and develop the good land the Ainu have thus so long neglected, though one cannot but feel very sorry when one sees a race, ancient and gentle as this is, slowly ebbing away. God has given the



A Japanese Farm Labourer.

land to man to make use of, and it appears to be one of His own unchanging laws that if man will not use the talents He has given him they shall be taken away and given to another. Thus it is that the Ainu are now suffering the loss of their Fatherland in Yezo as they have done in the other parts of this good Empire of Japan. Let us lay this rule to heart and try to make the very best use we can of our opportunities, whatever they may be. Let us give God thanks and praise for His wonderful love and mercy in having saved a remnant of this race before it has passed off the earth for ever. And let us be very thankful that our religion does not hinder human progress, but advances it by giving us the true knowledge of God and our salvation.



An Ainu in his Canoe.



CHAPTER II.

GOD'S CARE OVER HIS SERVANTS.

“ But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.”—*St. Matt. x. 30.*

IS Yezo a healthy place to live in? Can the missionaries stand the climate there well, or is it dangerous to their life, like some parts of Africa?” In answer to such questions as these I will say at once, and without any doubt at all on the matter, that there is nothing to fear here on that score. Indeed, every one who visits Yezo admits most readily that this part of God's world is blessed with a very invigorating and healthy climate, and that the winters are particularly bracing. It is the very place for those missionaries to come and reside for work who are unable to bear the heat of warmer climes with any degree of comfort or without injury to their health. This is a fact well known by the headquarters staff of our own Society at Salisbury Square, and is recognized by the Europeans who reside in such places as Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, and Nagasaki in Japan, as well as by those who live in Shanghai and Hong Kong



Port of Hakodate.

in China. Sometimes merchants and army officers come all the way from India to recruit themselves in the delightfully cool breezes of Yezo. Many of the missionaries at present on this island, as well as some few who have gone elsewhere, are standing proofs of the salubrity of the climate. I will mention a few examples of this.

The Rev. J. Williams, who is now labouring for the Master in Hiroshima, was invalided home to England from Kisulutini in East Africa in the year 1875. In 1876 he came to Yezo, where, by the gracious favour of God, he soon recovered his wonted good health, and is now one of Japan's veteran missionaries, having had many years of service in various parts of this land. Upon arrival here he

was stationed at Hakodate, which at that time was the Society's headquarters and had a population of about forty thousand inhabitants. This city has grown so much since that time that the people now living in it number more than seventy-eight thousand. It has always been an important place because of its harbour and position, so that almost from its commencement as a mere fishing hamlet it has been the mercantile capital of the island. Before the whole of the Japanese Empire was open to Americans and Europeans, Hakodate was the only open port at which foreign ships might call or in which foreigners were allowed to reside. Its harbour, though small, is one of the finest in all Japan.

After Mr. Williams, the writer himself was called upon to migrate to Yezo. This took place in May, 1876, and was owing to a severe attack of fever while living in Hong Kong. When he left that place he was unable to walk without the aid of a stick, but by the blessing of our Father in heaven, the air of this island soon set things to rights, so that he was not long here before being able to throw his stick away, and has enjoyed good health almost ever since. At first he was placed in Hakodate, but latterly his station has been Sapporo, which is the official capital of the island. The population of this city is at the present time about forty thousand. The Rev. W. Andrews, who is now our hard-working Secretary at Hakodate, is another standing proof of the good climate of Yezo. He was obliged to leave Nagasaki and come here because the damp and heat of Southern Japan did not agree with his constitution. The northern air, however, soon made him stronger, so that he has been working here for the Master since the year 1882. Then in 1897, Dr. Colborne, whose health failed him in South China, arrived at Hakodate, where he and his wife are doing a most excellent work among the poorer classes of the Japanese. Nor must we forget the lady invalids. Miss L. Payne found the climate of India too

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trying for her, and therefore came to Yezo. For many years she has been established at Kushiro, working most indefatigably among the Japanese and Ainu in that district. Miss Tapson, too, who is doing such excellent work in Hakodate, was invalided from Osaka to Yezo in the year 1891. The Lord has greatly blessed her and given her many souls. Let us thank Him for this. No doubt, therefore, some of us Yezo missionaries have at one time or other been a sorry-looking people, pulled down as we were by weakness and sickness; but by God's goodness we all got better, and not one of us, I believe, ever regrets having been transferred here. God had



Lads with Goats at the Ainu School, Hakodate.



Mission Buildings, Otaru.

need of us in this land, and that is why He sent us here. Our illnesses were His messages directing us to our present work. It was because He did not need us where we were first sent that He appointed each one of us to the place in which he or she now is. We accept His directing, and are happy to know that He is our Guide; and that His Word is true which says, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

But do not let it be supposed that all the Yezo missionaries came here because they were too ill to live anywhere else in the mission-field, for such is not the case. Thus, for example, the Rev. W. Dening, who was the very first C.M.S. missionary to this island, was sent from Madagascar in the year 1874, being in a very strong and healthy condition. Though not now belonging to our Society, he is still residing in Japan. Then, in 1893, Mr. and Mrs. Nettleship came from South Japan in good health, and are residing at

Hakodate, where Mr. Nettleship has charge of a school for Ainu lads. In 1894 the Rev. G. C. Niven was sent to us from England, Mrs. Niven coming out later. Their station is at Otaru (see picture on page 19), on the west coast of the island, an important seaport with a population of about fifty-eight thousand souls. Kami-

kawa is in this district, a city which has thirteen thousand inhabitants. In 1896 the Rev. D. M. Lang joined us, and he is in charge of the Kushiro district. The town of Kushiro itself has a population of about eleven thousand, while Nemuro, which is in this district, has about the same number. In 1896 Miss E. M. Bryant was sent to Sapporo, and, after studying the language, went to live among the Ainu at Piratori, where she has done much good among the people of that district. In the year following Miss A. M. Hughes came to Sapporo, where she has since been working very acceptably for Christ, particularly among the women and children. Then, in 1898, Miss Jex-Blake joined Miss Tapson at Hakodate; and lastly, in 1901, Nurse Evans, who was formerly of Matsuye, on the east coast of the Main Island, has come to labour with Dr. and Mrs. Colborne. All of these are now in the field. There have been, however, a few others who are not now with us.



Piratori Church.

By all this it will be seen that our Society has by no means neglected this part of the world. And it would be very easy to show also that the Lord has blessed the labours of His servants' hands abundantly. He has been very good, and is always found true to His promises to those who fully trust Him.

The C.M.S. first began work on this island in the year 1874. At that time there was only one missionary and his family here, and with the exception of one Japanese gentleman whom the missionary brought with him from Nagasaki as helper, there were no Native Christians belonging to our Society in Yezo. Since then the work has grown so large that the Diocese of Hokkaido has been divided up into four districts. The centres of these districts are as follows:—(1) Hakodate, in the charge of the Rev. W. Andrews; (2) Sapporo, in the charge of the Rev. J. Batchelor; (3) Otaru, in the charge of the Rev. G. C. Niven; and (4) Kushiro, in the charge of the Rev. D. M. Lang; while Bishop Fyson superintends the whole. At the end of last year (1901) there were about 2300 Japanese and Ainu Christians living, while some hundreds have since the commencement of this Mission gone to join the glorified Church in heaven. Counting the native helpers with the foreign, there is a little army of workers numbering fifty-five persons. Among them are two Japanese clergymen. The first of these is the Rev. T. Ogawa, who is stationed at a town called Esashi, which is about thirty-five miles towards the north-west of Hakodate, and has a population of about twelve thousand souls; but one is sorry to say that the people residing in that district are very bigoted, so that Mr. Ogawa necessarily finds that a good deal of steady, prayerful patience and perseverance is required of him. The second Japanese clergyman is Mr. Ito, who lives at Hakodate. Of his ordination the Rev. W. Andrews wrote in 1899 as follows:—

“The principal events at Hakodate during the past year have



Hakodate, showing new Church.

been the rebuilding of the church and the ordaining of the pastor to the office of deacon.

“The congregation of Hakodate having grown too large for the old building, it was decided to pull down and rebuild, with the result that on September 24th the fifth church that has been built in Hakodate since the work was commenced was opened. It stands towering above all the surrounding houses, its tall white steeple and pointed roof making it a prominent object in this large town of seventy thousand.

“Ito San, who was ordained deacon on September 24th—the same day that the new church was opened—was on that very day, eight years ago, baptized ; a small circumstance, perhaps, but one more than sufficient to make us rejoice and trust in the Hand of Him Who



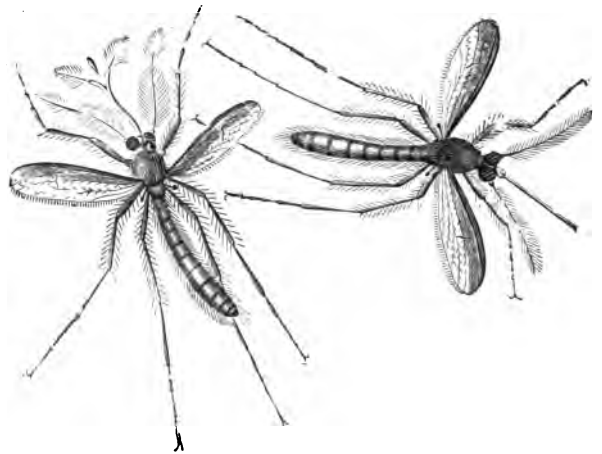
*Group taken at Devotional Meeting, Hakodate, 1869.
(Bishop Fyorn is seated in the centre of the group.)*

maps out for each of His children his course through life. Thus, at the opening service in the new church, we not only had the Ordination Service, followed by the Holy Communion, and in the afternoon a baptism, when eight were admitted into the visible Church, but on the Monday the first funeral, and on Tuesday the first wedding. This was the more strange, seeing that in a congregation of about thirty-five families, funerals and weddings are naturally not very frequent."

Miss Tapson, also writing about the same matter, says:—"The thankfulness for having Mr. Ito as our pastor only grows as time goes on, and we all rejoiced in his ordination. I was present at his baptism at Tate eight years ago, and he and his wife are old friends. It is good to be able to consult the pastor about the work and feel sure of an unprejudiced sympathy, and of a careful consideration of the point in question. His Bible-readings for Christians at their own houses four nights in the week are much liked by them, and they must mean the strengthening and building up of the Church."

Mr. Ito has since been ordained priest, and has now full and entire care of one of the churches and districts in Hakodate. This is a great answer to prayer, and I consider it a very blessed privilege to have been in this Mission almost from the beginning, and so seen the gradual growth of the Church from its childhood to manhood.

Thus, then, has the Lord Jesus blessed His cause in Yezo; and we rejoice and give Him thanks. We know, too, that He will bestow a yet fuller measure of blessing in the future, and thank Him, too, for that. Further details of the work, and how the seed grows in the heart and life, will be more fully explained in the chapters which follow.



CHAPTER III.

SUMMER PESTS.

“He sent divers sorts of flies among them.”—*Ps.* lxxviii. 45.

NO doubt the words placed at the head of this chapter on the “Summer Pests” of Yezo will take the reader’s mind back to the ten plagues of Egypt as recorded in Exodus. And truly the number of flies one meets with and is pestered by, while executing the duties of a missionary on this island, has often made me think of the plague of flies. Now, while writing of some other things, it is chiefly of these pests that I wish to speak in this chapter.

“How do you like Japan? Do you not find it very hot there?” These are questions which are often put to missionaries returning home on furlough. No doubt the central and southern portion of this Empire, though not tropical, are very hot places to live in during the summer months, and many people can hardly reside there without injury to their health. But we are glad to be able to report that this is not the case with regard to Yezo. The thermometer sometimes runs up to a little over ninety degrees of heat in

the shade for a few days in August, but with the exception of about three weeks the nights are for the most part beautifully cool; while the spring and autumn are never too hot. The worst worries that have to be experienced in the summer time are such things as mosquitoes, gad-flies, a tiny black fly the Japanese call *buyo* but which I believe we know in England by the name of midge, and some other small insects. The mosquitoes are very real nuisances, and in spite of the nets put up to defend us from them they often cause us sleepless nights. They get through the meshes of the net in the earlier part of the night when their bodies are thin and slim through fasting all day, and while inside they forthwith grow fat by feeding on the poor missionary. Indeed, so corpulent do they become that it is impossible for them to get out through the meshes again, chase them as we may. The morning, however, is the time for vengeance, for one has then the very great satisfaction of killing them. But night is not the only time they attack us, for even in the daytime one has often been obliged to wear a net over one's head to keep them off, particularly when passing through swampy country. As the land becomes drained and is brought under cultivation, these pests seem to become much fewer; in the damp and densely wooded districts, however, they are exceedingly numerous, and their stings are very sharp and venomous. It is said by some that the stings of mosquitoes cause fever. I do not know how this is, I am sure, in other countries, but I cannot say that the missionaries of Yezo, though frequently stung by them, experience any fever. I believe that only two have fever as a regular thing, and they both brought it with them from China, so that it cannot be traced to Yezo mosquitoes. Ague, it is true, is very rife in some parts of Yezo, but I believe this is due to bad drinking-water. Ague is not at all a pleasant complaint to be afflicted with, but, bad though it be, it is rather

uncomfortable than dangerous. I have seen whole villages of people down with it during the summer months, and have myself suffered among the rest. According to my own experience there is first a little chill or cold shiver down the back, accompanied by a desire to stretch oneself and to yawn a great deal. Then there is an hour of bitter cold shivering, followed by another of high fever. After this has passed off one perspires for an hour. That appears to be the end of the attack, excepting that it is all followed by a general weakness and bad headache. This kind of thing takes place every two or three days as regularly as clockwork, though there are some bad cases in which it occurs every day. It is necessary, therefore, to carry a good supply of quinine about with one, for this has proved to be a certain cure for ague among us. Twelve grains a day for about ten days, in four-grain doses, always works a cure for the time being.

It is said by the Ainu that mosquitoes and other flies are so fierce in some localities that they have been known to attack and kill even bears. This may appear to be somewhat difficult to believe, and, indeed, I could not believe it myself for many years. Yet it was positively asserted to be a fact by men in whom I could thoroughly trust, and whose word I had no right to doubt. I know now that it is quite true since I have been told how it happens. The way is very simple and takes place as follows. You must suppose there are two ranges of mountains some twenty or thirty miles apart, having a swampy plain with a few sluggish streams in it between them, and that the plain is covered with tall sedge and reeds—there are several such places in Yezo. Then suppose a bear on one range wishes to get across to the other, he walks down into the plain and commences his journey; or he may get into the plain through chasing some other animal he desires for food, such as a horse or deer. Before he has got very far the



A Mountain View in Japan.

mosquitoes attack him about the eyes, ears, and nose. When the eyes are stung they very quickly begin to swell up. This being so, Bruin commences to rub and scratch first one eye and then the other with his great paws, till in the end he makes them smart and bleed. The more he scratches the more they swell and give pain, and the more the blood flows the thicker come the mosquitoes. The final result is that the poor animal becomes quite blind and also mad with rage. There is no help for him when this stage has been reached, for the flies now have it all their own way, and never cease stinging him till, having completely lost his way among the swamps, the bear dies of exhaustion and starvation. Such a tale as this will

show at once what dreadful creatures mosquitoes are where they are most numerous.

They are a great worry also in our prayer-meetings and church services. It disturbs the worshipper when he is obliged to be continually smacking his own ankles, neck, face, or hands in vain attempts to slay these tormentors. Nor is it always pleasant for the officiating minister to hear and see first one and then another of his audience trying to kill them. However, one gets more or less used to these things in time, so that they do not cause so much distraction in the end as one might perhaps imagine. We have to take them as a matter of course, for we have learnt to expect them, and should think it wonderful if they did not put in an appearance at our meetings.

The gadflies are also almost unbearable in some localities. They are as large as hornets, and can sting through fairly thick clothing. Nor is their sting always of a light kind and to be treated indifferently; sometimes it proves to be of a very dangerous character. I once knew a gentleman who was stung on the foot by one of these pests. The sore became so bad that he was unable to put his foot to the ground for more than three months. These creatures also persecute the poor horses mercilessly, making them so wild that it is far from pleasant to ride them. More than once have I had my horse become unmanageable, and either dart away suddenly with me into the forests, or shoot me, without any previous warning, clear over his head; and all owing to the dreadful gadflies.

It is astonishing what an amount of instinct for self-preservation horses have had given them by their beneficent Creator, and it is instructive to notice how they put this gift to its proper use. Many of these animals are suffered to roam about the mountains in a semi-wild state. These congregate together and migrate to the seashore

when the flies are most troublesome. Here they walk a little way into the salt water and stand fasting all day, only coming out at night or in rough, windy weather to feed. Flies do not like wet or rough weather, or the sea air, and the worst of them, excepting the mosquitoes, appear for the most part to sleep during the night. It is at such times that the horses return to their pastures to feed. There is one good thing, however, about the habits of these terrible pests, the gadflies, which is worth a traveller's knowing, and that is that they do not like dark places. A horseman may therefore get a little rest for his beast during the day by putting it into a darkened lodge or stable.

It is necessary for the Yezo missionaries to do a good deal of their travelling on horseback; some missionaries make good use

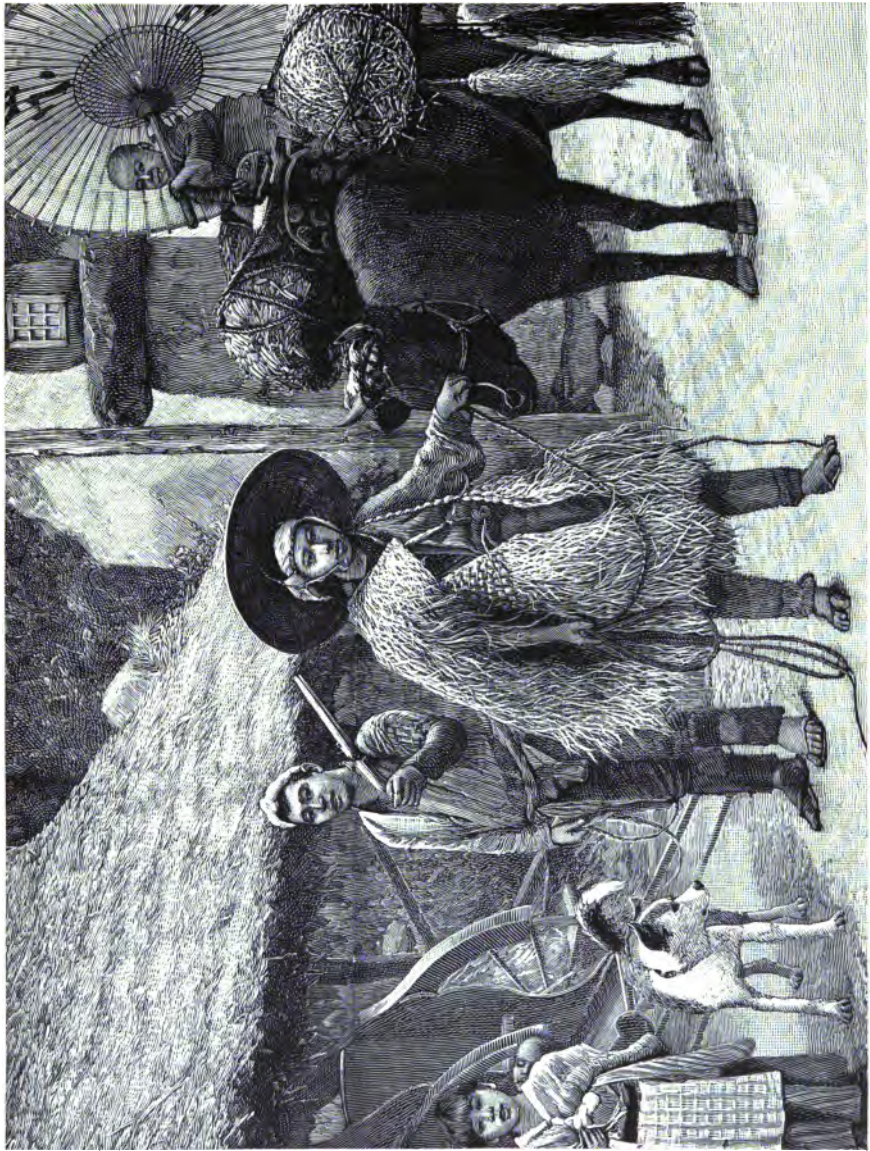


Travelling in Japan.



A Missionary with his Bicycle.

also of a bicycle. The horses are not very large, and are what we should call ponies, but, notwithstanding this, they are very sturdy and have extraordinarily strong mouths, and equally strong wills of their own. They are very fond also of lying down in the water when the weather is warm. I know a missionary who has more than once suddenly found himself standing in a couple of feet or so of water, holding the reins of his horse, while the latter has been lying down, doing his best to roll and get cool. His luggage has also been treated in the same way. This is very inconvenient, for on opening the baskets after such a soaking his sugar is found melted, tea and bread spoilt, books rendered useless, and clothes wet through. After such a thing has happened, one generally has to do a little fasting, unless one can stand Japanese or Ainu food. On one occasion, after having had all his luggage ducked near to a Japanese village, the missionary went into an inn to get his goods dried, and, as he was hungry and it was about noon, he at the same time asked for his dinner. It was not long before the dinner came. It consisted of a very nice-looking little bird and some cold rice. He thought the bird was a woodcock, and ate it up with great relish. When it was all gone he turned to the lad who waited on him and asked him what bird it was he had just eaten, adding that it was very nice. "Oh," said he, "that was a little chicken. It took ill yesterday and died." Think of the poor missionary's surprise! He did not say anything, though he doubtless thought a very great deal. It is best in these places not to ask too many questions about what one is eating. A more funny thing than this happened to the same missionary once. It was this. His cook came in to him one morning and said he thought the master had better have a fowl for dinner that day. On asking him why, he explained that one of the fowls was in a dying condition—in fact, could hardly stand, and unless it was killed and eaten at once it would be too late. The cook was quietly informed that he might



A Village Scene.

have that fowl for his own dinner! It was accepted with thanks.

The Yezo ponies have thrown me several times, but I think the cruellest thing one ever did was to lie down in the middle of a river with me on the 1st of April one year. While in the water I instinctively cast my eyes round to see if any one was looking. I remembered what day it was, and felt particularly foolish. But I was very glad to comfort myself with the idea that neither the horse nor people knew anything about "All Fools' Day."

But to return to the Yezo pests. The midges, though troublesome, are not so bad as the mosquitoes and gadflies. They are very tiny, and are fond of attacking the eyes, though they also bite any other exposed part of the body. Wherever they bite they make a round puncture, out of which the blood trickles profusely. I have often seen the people returning from their gardens at the end of the



Exterior of Ainu Hut.

day having the exposed parts of their bodies covered with blood, caused by the bites of these dreadful little creatures. Persons have also poisoned a

hand or foot through scratching the places where they have been bitten by them, for the bites cause so much irritation that it is almost impossible not to scratch the parts attacked.

Now, perhaps, you may wonder why I have told you all these things. Well, they have been mentioned only that you may see something of a missionary's life just as it is, for part of that life consists, in so far as Yezo is concerned, in trying to protect one's self from and killing mosquitoes, gadflies, midges, and other pests.

In many of the country inns one stays at for the night the fleas, too, are so uncommonly vicious that it is sometimes quite impossible to sleep. But those in the Ainu huts are ten times more lively and numerous, and often much larger. Earwigs are also a nuisance unless a person is watchful, for it is anything but pleasant to find them inside of one's socks when putting them on in the morning. Nor, once more, is it pleasant to have rats walking over one during the night, as sometimes has happened in Ainu huts. They became so bad once upon a time that the present writer found it necessary to have traps set close to his ears. They were not set in vain, for rats of no mean size were caught.



There are also other kinds of vermin which it is not necessary to mention here, as well as snakes and vipers. I will tell you of two things which happened to Chief Penri, an Ainu chief, in whose hut it was my privilege to stay for many months. One night, when lights were put out and we were all fast asleep, Chief Penri gave a horrible scream. The noise was so terrible that I got up from my sleeping-place to see what was the matter, and to offer help if necessary. He also arose, and after a good deal of conversation we were obliged to come to the conclusion that a rat had either taken a fancy to a mouthful of his head for supper, or wanted some of his hair to line its nest with; for it was certain, said he, that someone

(and here he gave me a meaning look with his bright eyes) or something had given his hair a most dreadful pull. The second thing is this. I noticed one day that the old man had lost two of his toes. Upon asking him how that happened he informed me that a viper had suddenly sprung upon him as he was walking along a path, and had fixed its fangs on the under part of the two missing members. Knowing that such bites are dangerous, he drew a knife, which he carried in his girdle, from its sheath, and cut both toes off, so that the blood which flowed from the wounds was thus made to carry the poison out with it. I think he was a brave man to act in that way.

Ever since being bitten by the viper he has been very much afraid of all kinds of snakes and adders. I am very sorry to say that he has always been a great drunkard, and when intoxicated is very noisy and rough sometimes. I used to have very hard times with him, and he was such a nuisance that I hardly knew what to do. However, I at last thought of a plan by which to keep him quiet. It was this. Whenever he became so noisy and wild that I could not work or read when living in his hut, I would go out and try to kill a snake, of which there are plenty about Piratori. If successful, I used to fix it on a pole and bring it into the hut. No sooner did I walk in with it than Penri would rush out and leave me quite alone till he was sober. As soon as he was gone I would hang the snake by the doorway, and so long as it was there Penri would not return. But as soon as he saw that it had been removed he would know that he had been forgiven, and come back. I am very sorry for poor old Penri. He really desires to be good and to be saved. But he has grown so great a slave to strong drink, that it seems as though he cannot give it up. He has often tried, but always failed. May the Master have mercy upon him!



Children Snowballing. (From a Japanese Drawing.)

CHAPTER IV.

WINTER TROUBLES.

“O ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.
“O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.”



Japanese Boy with Snowball.

AS it has already been mentioned that the Island of Yezo lies well to the north and under the very shadows of Siberia, very likely the question will be put by some: “But is it not very cold there?” “Yes,” one must reply; “it is fairly cold in Yezo sometimes.” But it may be added that the cold here is nothing like so extreme as it is found to be in Siberia and some parts of Canada. Our life may not for a moment be compared in this respect with that of the missionaries among the Indians of North-West

Canada or among the Eskimo. Still, it is quite as cold here as any of us wish it to be. During the winter months many of the rivers are so thoroughly frozen over that horses dragging heavily-laden sleighs can cross them in perfect safety, for the ice is sometimes more than two feet thick. But this does not mean more than five or six degrees of frost below zero, while Canada has often as many as forty or fifty degrees, I hear, and Siberia even more. Zero, it will be remembered, is only thirty-two degrees of actual frost, so you see we missionaries are not so very badly off in Yezo, after all, in this respect.

When I first crossed a frozen river on horseback I very distinctly remember feeling quite unsafe, for the pebbles lying at the bottom on the river-bed could easily be seen through the transparent ice, which, though quite a foot in thickness, did not look as though it could be more than a few inches. It was so clear as to appear like looking through an ordinary piece of shop-window glass. I could almost feel myself shiver at the bare idea of a possible dipping in that quiet, clear, though dark-looking water. It was with thankfulness that I found myself at last safely on the other side of the river, though, of course, there was no real danger at all, excepting of the horse slipping down, and even then the worst would have been a little shaking, perhaps, or possibly a broken leg or arm. Hence my trouble on that occasion all arose from nervousness.

During the winter months, say from the end of November till the end of March, by far the greater part of the island is covered with snow. Around Sapporo it averages five feet in depth, while in some places but a few miles from us one may often see from ten to fifteen feet lying on the ground. Of course, such heavy falls of snow quite cover up all roads and hedges in the country districts, and in some cases even the houses also. The Japanese do not as a rule build their houses more than one storey high, and there are no chimneys to them by which one might tell their whereabouts. In place of a

chimney there will be left a hole, with a sliding shutter to it, in the roof for the smoke to escape out of. I have heard of unwary travellers occasionally walking down these by mistake during a heavy snowfall, and so surprising both themselves and also the inmates of a farmhouse by suddenly landing upon the hearth in a kitchen, and that perhaps while the family was at their meal. At this time of year, too, strong, cold, biting winds whistle and scream among the trees as they rush and roar down the valleys and mountain-sides. Sometimes also dreadful blizzards occur, which render it impossible to get out of the house while they last. These often leave great



Winter Snows in Japan.


**General
View
of
Hakodate
in
Winter.**



snow-drifts behind them, which take whole days to trample down or cut through. *the box p 46 R B*

One great drawback to itinerating here in the winter is the Japanese country or wayside inns it is necessary to stay in during the journeys. Even here, so far north as Yezo, the inns are built just like those in the south. That is to say, the builders appear to have had more regard to the warm weather than the cold. There are no stoves in them, and the wind can get in from any quarter. Perhaps you may ask, "But why not make a good big fire in the braziers?" Well, you see, we cannot. There is no chimney, in the first place, for the smoke to go out of, so that one cannot burn wood or coal. And then as for charcoal—a big fire of this is altogether



out of the question, because charcoal fumes are of a very poisonous nature. Ever so small a fire of charcoal—so small a fire, for example, as to be merely sufficient to boil a little kettle for tea—gives some Europeans (myself among the number) a very distressing headache, and even the Japanese themselves cannot stand much of it, accustomed to charcoal as they have been all their lives. Soon after first arriving at Hakodate, Mr. Ogawa, who was then studying for the work of a catechist, was dragged out of his quarters in the C.M.S. house at Hakodate quite insensible through the charcoal fumes, and thus his life was saved. An Ainu who was sitting in our servants' room at Sapporo was saved in like manner two winters ago. It will, therefore, now be seen that charcoal fires are really dangerous, and

it will not be wondered at that we Europeans cannot stand them. Then, again, let us notice the bed-clothes. Those provided for visitors at the inns are by no means adapted for keeping people warm in winter. They consist of thick mattresses, one to spread upon the floor and another to cover oneself up with. They do not tuck in closely round one like our delightful English blankets, but spread out stiffly in every direction, and so let the air in very much. When a person is in bed he looks more like a great tortoise, spread out flat as he is, with only the top of his head showing. There is often no help for it but to go to bed wearing the greater part of one's garments, for this is the only sure way of keeping warm.

I forgot to mention, however, that many of the Japanese take a small fire to bed with them—not a mere warming-pan, look you, but a real fire. They do this by placing a piece of furniture called a *kotatsu* under the upper mattress and putting a small brazier of charcoal fire in it. The *kotatsu* is simply a small square frame, something like a large cage. The people sleep with their feet towards it, and, I believe, get very warm sometimes. They are most unhealthy things to have, and we Europeans never think of using them. They are dangerous, too, for houses have been known to have been set on fire by them, while people have been asphyxiated (i.e. killed by the fumes) through using them.

Japanese country inns are to most Europeans uncomfortable places at any time. There is no furniture in them, so that one has to squat upon the floor, with a thin cushion to do duty as a chair. It makes one's bones ache very much to be obliged to sit thus upon his heels or after the fashion of a tailor. This is particularly hard after a pony-back ride of some twenty or thirty miles. At such times a chair with a nice soft cushion in it would be a real luxury, for horse-riding sometimes makes one very stiff. On a certain occasion an American gentlemen came with me to see part of the work among

the Ainu. After a hard ride lasting all day we found ourselves in the evening both very tired and in need of rest. Upon arrival at our inn my friend said, "Will you please try and find a room with a mantelshelf in it for me?" I was greatly surprised at this request, and said, "Whatever can you want with a mantelshelf? Japanese inns do not have such things in them." "Oh," said he, "I am very tired and stiff and achy, and as there are no nice soft chairs to sit upon, I should like to have a mantelshelf to stand up to and eat my supper from." I could do no more for the poor man than find him a few cushions to sit upon and a nice post to lean against as a support for his back. Thus, you see, we must not expect much comfort in Japanese inns, particularly during the winter. Whenever



In a Japanese House: Visitor saying Good-bye.

I enter one to rest or stay, I always look out for a room with a nice solid post in it to use as a support to lean against, and then try to borrow



Japanese Country-women.

a chair and table. One can do this sometimes, but not always. No doubt the innkeepers think we are funny folk to need chairs and tables, for they do not see the necessity of them, not having been used to them from childhood.

You must not for a moment think that I am complaining. Far from that. I am only telling you of things just as we find them. We have indeed

much to be thankful for in our work, even in the winter; and we would not give it up for all the comforts in the world. The scenery is sometimes magnificent, and carries one's thoughts away from self to the good God Who made the world with its summer and winter, cold and heat. The effect produced by the sunshine upon the brown trunks of the trees, standing out as they do from the pure white snow, is at once both grand and pleasing, though in the evening, as darkness is closing round, somewhat weird and ghostly. The glitter of the sun's dancing rays reflected upon the particles of snow lying upon the plains and mountain-sides fills the heart with pleasure, so that one feels constrained to lift up one's voice and sing, "O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever." On the afternoon of one severely cold day I went from Hakodate to Ono to preach. I think I shall never forget that afternoon. During the early part of the morning it had rained very heavily, and then suddenly ceased and commenced to freeze hard. The result was that the trees by the roadside became encased in transparent ice so that the bark could be seen through it. It was exquisitely beautiful, and made me wonder and rejoice with delight.

But the missionary's joy and gladness does not always arise from the beautiful objects of nature. That which makes him so happy in his work—whether it be cold or hot, wet or fine—is the thought that he is on the Master's business, coupled with the knowledge that there is to be a grand reception at the end of his day's journey. He knows there will be a right good welcome from the Christians, and that besides these there are others who have not yet professed Christ waiting to hear the "good news" from his lips. Then, again, there may most likely be the Holy Communion to administer to, and partake of with, the brothers and sisters, and perhaps a baptism or two to take. It is this which gives us so much pleasure, and helps

us to take with joy all things—both the cloud and sunshine—as they happen.

It will have been gathered from what has already been said that Yezo is a fairly cool place sometimes, and I want to finish this chapter by telling you some incidents to illustrate this, some of which are amusing and others more serious. Three years ago, when I went from Sapporo to Piratori to visit the Christians, I carried Miss Bryant, who was then residing there, a large stone bottle containing a couple of gallons or so of fresh cow's milk. This was at the end of November, just before the real cold had set in. The bottle was left for the night in Miss Bryant's sitting-room, and was tightly corked up. There was a very sharp frost during the night. But what surprised me in the morning, upon entering the room where the bottle was, was to see about four inches of solid milk standing out of the neck of the bottle, with the cork sitting gravely on the top of it as though doing its best to keep the milk in its proper place. It was utterly ridiculous to look at, and caused us a good deal of amusement. Fancy, the solid milk sticking out of the nozzle of the bottle with the cork upright on its top! It reminded one of a very long-necked gentleman with a top-hat on!

It has often been my duty to be on horseback between nine and one o'clock at night during the winter months. When I first arrived at Hakodate, Mission work was carried on at Ono, twelve miles away, also at Nanaye, ten miles away, and at Arikawa and Kikyō, each about eight miles away. Someone used to go to one of these places every week, so that, there being three of us, each place was visited once a week, whatever the weather might be. On more than one occasion I have been caught in a mild blizzard on my return from the preaching service, and have then felt quite sorry for myself, I assure you. Upon reaching home it has been necessary to stand in front of a good fire to get my eyelids warm before being able to see



A Blizzard in Japan.

clearly, the lashes being stuck together and the brows heavily covered with frost and snow.

The ice in my moustache had to be melted out before I could open my mouth to speak or put any food in, and it was necessary to thaw my beard off

my coat before I could unbutton it. As for taking off one's gloves or unbuttoning one's coat, that was altogether out of the question for some time. One's feet, too, get terribly cold on such occasions, for the winds of the blizzards penetrate the thickest clothing. I suppose a person looks more like old Father Christmas at such times than anything else, though I do not suppose one has such a happy look on his face as is always painted on that of Father Christmas when about to scramble down a chimney loaded with his presents.

“Oh, this is cold! I don't think I can stand this. I must be off to Hakodate, where it is warmer, and get some blankets.” In some such words as these you might have heard me talking to myself many years ago, had you been with me. It was at Piratori among the Ainu, and the date was December 8th, a cold day, by me ever to be remembered. I was then living with Chief Penri in his hut (see Frontispiece), and was very busy making a dictionary and grammar, and reducing the Ainu language to writing. Mats had been hung up all round to keep the wind off, for it was a cold, rough day, and the winds came in through the reed walls and glassless windows and doorless entrances of the hut. I was seated at the fire on a tub, for there was no sign of a chair or table there, wearing an otter-skin cap and a thick overcoat. The ink was placed close to the fire to keep it from freezing, and my paper was resting on my knees; but—would you believe it?—before I could get pen to paper, the ink on it would freeze, so that it was with the greatest difficulty any marks at all could be made on the paper. At last matters came to such a pass that I packed up my traps and started off to Hakodate, which was a little over 200 miles distant by the way one was obliged to travel at that time.

Before leaving Piratori, however, a very amusing thing happened

to me. My bed in Chief Penri's hut consisted of a bear's skin spread upon some boards. I had a sheet and only one blanket of my own to cover me, though I might have had some of Penri's bedclothes for the asking; but there were strong and lively reasons for not borrowing them! I found the bed very hard and very cold. It was so cold one night that I got up and had a large fire made and some water made hot, which I put into two stone bottles I found in the hut. Having no corks, I stopped up the nozzles with wisps of straw, and then, armed with these, retired once more to my boards in quite a happy frame of mind. The bottles gave me great comfort, so that I was soon fast asleep. But, "What is this?" I am now half awake; something has happened. It feels very cold, and I am stuck fast to the bearskin and boards. What is the cause? Alas! those wisps of straw have come out of the bottles, the water has run out, and I am frozen down. It was after this that I determined to seek warmer quarters, and, upon my return, to provide myself with warmer bedclothes.

At the beginning of this chapter I told you a little about Yezo blizzards, and while writing of these I was reminded of one or two sad effects caused by them, of which I am now going to tell you. A few years ago a catechist who was stationed at Kushiro was caught in a blizzard as he was returning from a preaching service one evening. It appears that during his walk, which was not more than two and a half miles, a small blizzard arose and overtook him. All traces of the path were quickly obliterated, so that he soon lost his way. What happened next no one knows, for he was found the next day, not far from the track, frozen dead. Poor fellow, we felt for him very much, but we rejoice to know that he is with his Master in heaven. When he left the place in which he had been holding service he doubtless thought he had but a short two miles and a half to travel, but the journey he then commenced to take was to his

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The Church at Sapporo.

heavenly home. He did not know how near that home was, but he was prepared for it. Are we? Do we know how near home we are? Let us think about it.

Three years ago, a postman living at Hayakita, which is one of our C.M.S. stations, was likewise caught in a blizzard. He, too, was found one day quite dead, and not more than half a mile from the post-office. Poor man! I heard that he was warned not to go out with his letters that day. The journey he had to take was some eight miles long, but he thought he would be able to manage it, and so set out and died. It was

brave of him, indeed, but very rash, I think. The poor man had heard something of the Lord Jesus, but not much, alas! and he had not become a Christian. During the same winter, I myself, then at home in Sapporo, was unable to walk two hundred yards towards our church to take the Sunday morning service, and that in broad daylight and after the blizzard just referred to had blown itself out. The drifts were so bad that there was no getting through them. I soon found my clothes soaking wet, and myself plunging about nearly up to my shoulders in snow. I was obliged to give up the struggle as a bad job and return to the house. I heard in the afternoon that the congregation consisted of two people, the catechist and his little child. The catechist's house was on the same piece of land as the church, so that they had only to walk about ten yards.

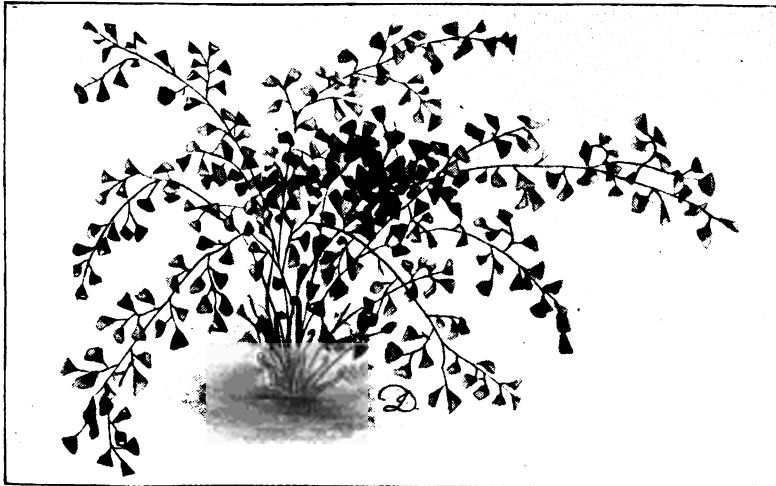
Another winter trouble arises from a danger of snow-blindness. This comes from the strong light reflected from the snow on bright days. Three years ago I had my first attack of it, and very painful indeed I found it to be. When



*Mr. and Mrs. Handa and Child
(Catechist at Sapporo).*

attacked the eyes become inflamed, and it is impossible to open them where there is the least particle of light, so that any person afflicted with it must either stay in a completely dark room or have his eyes carefully bandaged up. The eyes cannot even stand the light of the dimmest of dim candles. My attack lasted four days only, I am happy to say; but what with smarting eyes, aching head, and the monotony of being in the dark, I not only felt miserable myself, but, I am afraid, made the place rather unhappy for those who had to come near me, for having been used to a very active life, I found it impossible not to grumble and groan through the pain and forced inactivity. Do you ask how I cured myself? Well, the remedy is very simple. I took a little salt and placed it in a large basin nearly full of lukewarm water. I then went every hour and buried my face in it, opening and shutting my eyes in the salt water. This I found gave instant relief from the pain and took away the inflammation. By persevering in the use of this remedy I was quite cured in four days. Now if any of my readers should happen to get snow-blindness (for we never know what may happen), he will know what to do.

In the spring and autumn come hailstorms. And it *does* hail sometimes, I can assure you. The stones on some rare occasions are as large as thrushes' eggs. It is impossible to ride in the face of such a storm. The only thing to do, if there is no tree under which to take shelter or house to rush into, is to dismount and turn one's back to the storm till it is over; or, better still, get on the lee side of the horse. The horses do not appear to mind the storms so much as we do, or I don't suppose they would submit to being made a shelter of. You see, the hailstones make one's face tingle so much, otherwise they might be put up with better. However, there is one comfort—the hailstorms do not last long.



CHAPTER V.

THE BEAUTIES AND COMFORTS OF YEZO.

“And God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.”
Gen. i. 31.

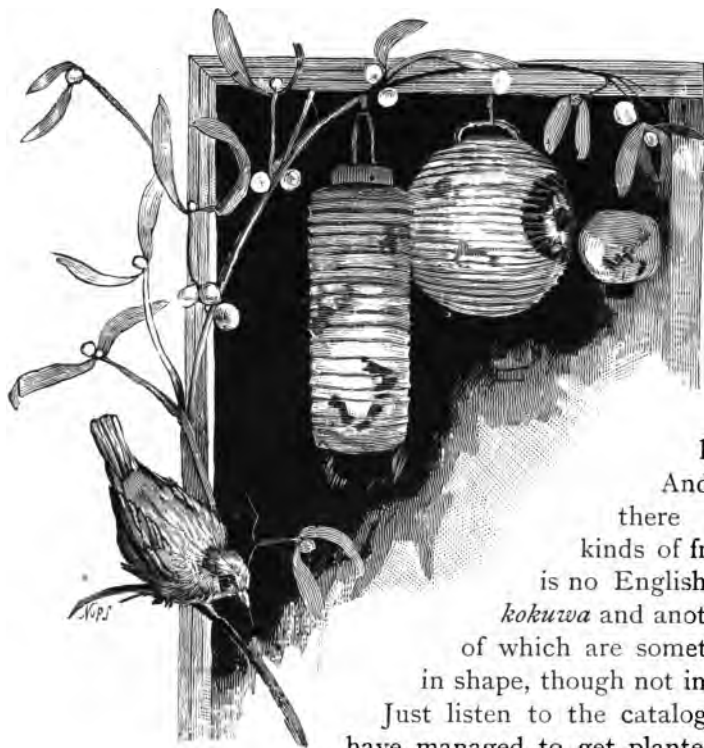
AFTER what I have written in the two last chapters I am very much afraid the reader may perhaps think I have made a mistake in heading this one, “The beauties and comforts of Yezo.” You may feel inclined to say that you do not yet quite understand where the “comforts” especially can come in. Yes; on looking over what has been written, I must confess that it does look rather gloomy in some respects, yet it is all true, nevertheless. In spite of all that has been said, however, it is a fact that Yezo is a very beautiful island, as indeed all mountainous countries must be; and not only so, but the missionary also finds it a very comfortable place to live and work in. Of course, it is not always winter here any more than it

is in England; and although neither England, nor Yezo, nor any other place I know or have heard of in this world is quite a Paradise, yet with care we may find comfort and peace anywhere, providing the Lord Jesus is with us. Without Him we may not expect to be quite happy anywhere. There is a beautiful hymn, written by Miss Frances R. Havergal, which is quite true, and which we missionaries in our supposed loneliness find to be so. It runs thus:—

“ Like a river glorious
 Is God’s perfect peace ;
 Over all victorious
 In its bright increase.
 Perfect, yet it floweth
 Fuller every day ;
 Perfect, yet it groweth
 Deeper all the way.

Chorus.—Stayed upon Jehovah,
 Hearts are fully blessed ;
 Finding, as He promised,
 Perfect peace and rest.”

We all naturally love our own country, and rejoice over the animals, birds, flowers, and trees among which we have been brought up. There is much here in Yezo to remind us of them, and this fact is one source of interest and happiness to us. Many of the trees and shrubs, for example, are like those at home. Among them we recognize our old friend the oak; also the chestnut (both horse and Spanish), the walnut, fir, larch, elm, magnolia, poplar, birch, yew, guelder rose, lime, and even the mistletoe, with many others. Then there is the lespediza and scrub oak, grape vine, and also the hydrangea and many climbing plants besides. Then, too, we have the wild violet, dandelion, primula, gentian, monkshood, ox-eye daisy, lily of the valley, bracken, maidenhair fern, mosses, crow’s-foot, wild convolvulus, jack-in-the-pulpit, plantain, chickweed, groundsel, and other such-like plants. Nor should we forget the fruit. In some places we find the wild cherry, strawberry, raspberry,



gooseberry, and red currant. Many fruit-trees, too, have been introduced from Europe and America, such as almost every kind of apple, pear, and plum, as well as cherries (white heart and black).

And besides these there are some other kinds of fruit for which there is no English name, one called *kokuwa* and another *matatabi*, both of which are something like a grape in shape, though not in flavour.

Just listen to the catalogue of things we have managed to get planted in our garden at Sapporo. Why, we are the envy of many of the people around us. There are strawberries, raspberries, rhubarb, red, white, and black currants, and gooseberries; all of which were given to us by kind American friends. Then, too, through the great kindness of Messrs. Sutton, of Reading, who send many missionaries garden seeds free of charge every year, we are able to grow such vegetables as cauliflowers, broccoli, peas, beans, turnips, carrots, radishes, cabbages, cucumbers, and many other good things; besides which they also most thoughtfully and kindly give us a few pretty flower

seeds as well. Thus you see we really have a great many comforts now. We, who are in a place where it is possible to have a little garden, always make the place look as much like home as we can; and we find that this not only gives pleasure to the missionaries themselves, but also to the people around, who come and look, as well as taste and try, and so prove the flavour of them for themselves. So you see that even so small a thing as a little vegetable or flower garden does its share of Mission work.

Now let us look at the birds. Among these we find eagles, all kinds of hawks and falcons, owls, rooks, jackdaws, skylarks, sparrows, tits, wrens, and other land birds; while at sea there are to be seen plenty of seagulls, albatrosses, cormorants, Mother Carey's chickens, and others. Among the lakes are to be found large numbers of wild ducks, geese, swans, and grebes. Nor should one forget the quails, snipe, and woodcock to be found among the valleys, lowlands, and swamps. And, of course, we never forget our beautiful little canary which we keep at home, and which gives us such nice songs. Thus it will be seen that if the land was only cultivated more extensively and as it is at home, one might imagine himself to be in England. You will not be surprised, therefore, to hear that even for this reason we missionaries have all cause to like Yezo, and feel really sorry for those who live in hot climates.

You can hardly imagine how beautiful the place is in the autumn. All countries, mountainous as this is, in common with the whole of Japan, must be beautiful at any time, but the season just before the winter is by far the prettiest of all. The autumn here is short and comes upon us suddenly. Thus, for example, it will be very fine one day and quite hot. There will not be the least suspicion that winter is at hand, to judge by the weather. But after a very hot day there will suddenly be a sharp frost. Then the following morning the sun will rise and beat down upon us with great heat. The result is that

in an hour or so the whole face of the mountains is completely altered. Yesterday all the trees—with, of course, the exception of the maples—were quite green, but by ten o'clock to-day they have all been changed, so that one sees every colour of the rainbow represented. It is a magnificent sight, and it seems to me that no pen can describe, or picture represent, it properly.]

But to return to living creatures once again. There are plenty of fishes in the lakes and rivers of Yezo, as well as upon the sea-coasts. There is the little minnow, small trout, carp, perch, roach, salmon, salmon-trout, and pike, among others in the rivers and lakes. Along the sea-coast are found sprats, herrings, mackerel, whiting, soles, plaice, codfish, and almost anything up to the sea-lion, walrus, and whale.

One word now about the animals and this chapter shall close. To begin with the smallest, we mention the mouse, then the rat, and so on upwards from the marten, squirrel, hare, racoon, fox, and wolf, up to the great brown bear. We must not forget, however, to mention that cats and dogs also abound on this island. There will perhaps be something of interest to tell you about some of these animals farther on, and so I will leave the subject at present.



Horses and oxen were introduced into Yezo from the Mainland of Japan, but milch-cows were brought from Europe and America. The horses were formerly not shod, though the Japanese have now learned to do so from Europeans. But their way of shoeing them strikes one as being very peculiar. Let me give you an example. The blacksmith takes good care to tie up the animal to be shod so fast and secure that there can be no possibility of getting kicked by it. The head is tied up on high



between a couple of tall posts first of all, and then each leg is fastened to one of four posts. The foot to be operated on first is tied close to the hough in the proper position for fixing the shoe on. Thus no horse so tied has a chance of kicking or biting and so injuring the blacksmith.

The Japanese were not a milk-drinking people before European cows were introduced, and many of them do not take milk even at the present day. This being so, it was no wonder to me to find here and there a farmer, some twenty-five years ago, who was not up in the matter of milking cows, though this has all been changed now. The most remarkable sight in this connexion I think I ever saw was in a far-away village called Tottori Mura, where a farmer had recently introduced a very nice cow. He wanted to milk her, but appeared to be afraid of his animal. He did not relish a kick from the hind leg of his cow, evidently. To make sure that this should not happen, I found that he had tied his cow up by all four legs, as well as by the head, to a post and rail fence. Not only so, but to make doubly sure, he sat on one side of the fence milking while the cow was on the other! He was milking the cow through the bars of the fence. I assure you I was both surprised and intensely amused at the performance. But never mind how the milking was done, the man got his milk, and after all that was what he wanted.



CHAPTER VI.

THE BEGINNINGS OF MISSIONARY WORK IN YEZO.

“In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.”—*Ecc. xi. 6.*



THE special object the C.M.S. had in view when it was determined to occupy Yezo was that of preaching the “Good News” of our Redemption and Salvation to the poor benighted Ainu who dwell on this island. It has already been noticed that the Rev. W. Dening was the first missionary sent here by our Society. This was in the year 1874. When Mr. Dening first arrived he spent a few months, to begin with, at Nagasaki studying the Japanese language, for a knowledge of this tongue is always necessary to a missionary in any part of the “Land of the Rising Sun.” After having acquired a sufficient amount of the language to make himself understood, he came north to Hakodate, bringing Mr. Futagawa, a well-known Japanese convert, with him as assistant. Upon arrival they immediately hired a carpenter’s shop in the best part of the main street of the city, and forthwith began to preach Christ to the people. When I arrived in 1877, services were still held in this very place, and the



A Little Ainu Boy.



Japanese Carpenters at Work.

first man I heard preach there was the Rev. J. Williams, and after him Mr. Ogawa. Mr. Futagawa did not remain long in Hakodate, for he found that his services were required in Tokyo, so he returned south again. In the meantime, however, Mr. Ogawa had been brought to a knowledge of his Saviour and was beginning to be helpful in the work. He was baptized in Hakodate by the Rev. J. Williams in 1875, and was the second Hakodate convert. The first person baptized in this place did not, I am very sorry to relate, remain faithful to his Lord and Master. Like Judas he was a thief, and left not the Church only, but Hakodate also. We do not know what has become of him, but our prayer is that God will be merciful to him and bring him back to Himself.

Mr. Denning had fully realized that the preaching of the precious Word of God was the missionaries' first work; and so, although I found when I appeared upon the scene that he was at home on furlough in England, yet Mr. Williams, with Mr. Ogawa's help, was holding preaching services at the several villages Mr. Denning had opened. These were Ono, Nanaye, Kikyo, and latterly Arikawa. But besides the work of opening up these Japanese villages, Mr. Denning had kept in view the Society's wish to reach the Ainu, and so in 1876 he paid his first visit to Piratori, the old Ainu capital of Saru, where he was well received. He was not, of course, able to do anything in the way of preaching to these people, his first necessary duty being to study the language. He spent a month here with Chief Penri, and then returned to Hakodate to his work among the Japanese. This visit to Piratori, however, must



Japanese Girls carrying Babies.



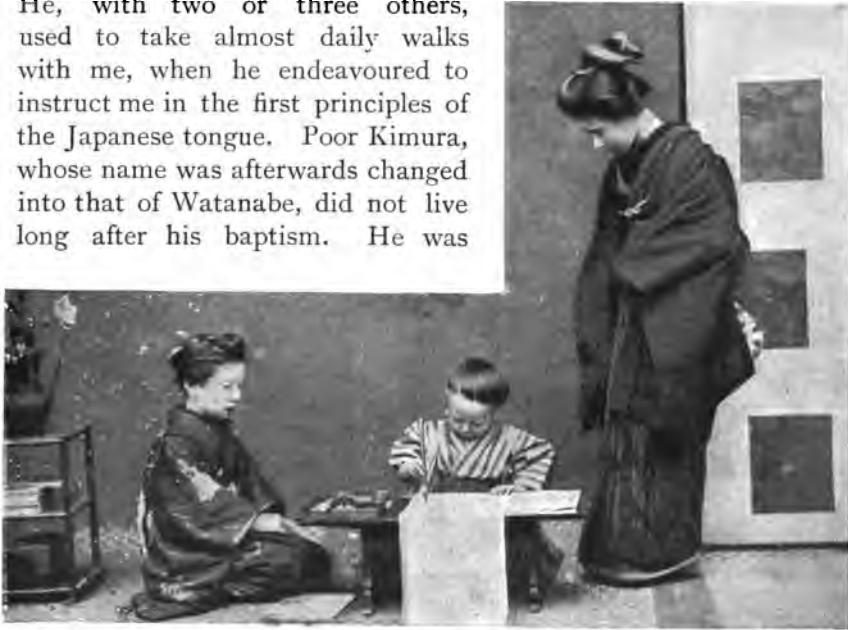
Ainu Christian Family at Piratori.

very commencement of the work here. On the one hand there were Mr. and Mrs. Williams, both struggling hard daily to

be looked upon as the very beginning of work among the Ainu, for it was preparatory to it, and Piratori has never been given up since; indeed it has for many years (since 1878, in fact) been my own headquarters for the Saru district, for I used to visit there before my appointment to the Ainu people as an especial sphere of labour.

Upon arriving, then, in Hakodate from Hong Kong, I found Mr. Williams in charge of the work in Yezo. It was a source of great interest to me to be thus enabled to see the

compass the intricacies of the verbs in the Japanese language, while I myself at once settled down to the A B C, so to speak. It made me quite envious to see the little Japanese children of three or four years talking most fluently and without the slightest effort, while I could not say three words properly. They, dear little mites, got no headaches through trying to learn the language, but we sometimes suffered much. I had not been here long before I had the great joy of seeing Mr. Williams baptize a certain Mr. Kimura, who was a soldier. This man soon became one of my greatest friends. He, with two or three others, used to take almost daily walks with me, when he endeavoured to instruct me in the first principles of the Japanese tongue. Poor Kimura, whose name was afterwards changed into that of Watanabe, did not live long after his baptism. He was



Japanese Children at Lessons.

consumptive and therefore taken to a hospital, where he soon died. Before going there he used often to stay in the back quarters of the C.M.S. house. Mr. and Mrs. Williams resided there at the time, and as I had just arrived from China in a very weakly condition, they most kindly took me in and cared for me, for which kindness I shall ever be grateful. This is how it came to pass that Mr. Kimura and I saw so much of each other. We were both weak, and so had a kindly fellow-feeling. He was, in spite of all his distress, a very bright kind of man, and I learned some very curious things from him during our talks and rambles together. I will mention one of them. He knew quite well that he could not get well and would not last much longer, for he felt that his medicines were not doing him any real good. The Japanese were at that time just about breaking away from the old-fashioned quack doctors, but were not quite free from them yet. Kimura seemed to think that after all there might perhaps be something in some of their remedies, and so, especially as the European medicines were not curing him, he determined to try one for himself. I went in to see him in his room one evening, and discovered him cooking what I supposed to be a late supper, for it smelt very nice indeed. Upon asking him what he had in his pot, he began to show me a nice lot of meat stewing, and asked me to partake of some with him, as it was a good medicine, especially for persons suffering from weakness as he and I were. However, I had finished my supper and so declined. Had I been hungry, most likely I should have eaten with him. I was glad afterwards that I took none, for I learnt that his medicine consisted of *stewed cat*. Poor Kimura had killed a cat and was eating it in good faith as a medicine. He had been and consulted a quack doctor, and stewed cat was the remedy prescribed. It did him no good, for he entered the hospital soon after and died. I went to see him just before the end, when he told us that he was quite happy

and had dreams at night in his sleep of the glories of heaven. And so, trusting in Jesus, in Whom he had found quiet peace, he fell asleep.

When the people consulted the old-fashioned quack doctors they did not always know what curious superstitions they (the quacks) held. I am sure poor Kimura did not, any more than I did, when he followed the advice of his quack. I have found out of late years, however, that some of the very old-fashioned people believe that consumption is a consequence of being possessed by cats. Now those who believe in such things as this also believe that the only remedy for the disease is the flesh of a cat. In such cases cat's flesh is eaten to expel cats. In the mind of the quack doctor, Kimura's cooked cat was more of a charm than a medicine. The Ainu also, I find, have the same belief.

Something of the same kind happened in another part of the island not many years ago, when I was out on one of my preaching tours. It was early autumn, and I was travelling on foot. As it was my custom in those days, I was carrying my gun in order to pick up a duck or a snipe or two for supper and the next day's dinner, if I could meet with any on the way. As I was going along I happened to shoot a duck, which, however, was only wounded. As it was flying away a large hawk came by and seized it in its claws, whereupon I again fired and brought down both the hawk and duck. The duck I carried to the inn and had cooked for our supper, but threw the hawk away as of no value for food. The mother of the inn-keeper was very aged and had suffered from a bad disease for many years. I went and had a chat with her, and among other things told her about the hawk, for I thought it was a very curious thing and would interest her. "What," she exclaimed, "have you done with the hawk?" When I told her that I had thrown it away she expressed great disappointment and sorrow, for,

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said she, "it would have been such a good thing for my sickness." Upon asking her how, she informed me that the skin of a hawk is a special remedy for her complaint. I asked her how it was to be taken, and she said that the skin was to be carefully taken off and buried beneath the hearth, directly under the centre of the fire. It was to be left there till it was burnt into a black cinder. After this it was to be taken up, the ashes carefully wiped off, and then ground into powder. This was to be placed in a cup and warm water was to be poured over it; it was then to be swallowed. I could not find out why the hawk's skin should be better than the skin of any other bird, for the old lady did not appear to know. All she could say was that it was a very old remedy and very potent. These are merely samples of the remarkable kinds of quack medicines I have known the people—old-fashioned people—to believe in. There are many others, such as dried beetles, centipedes, and some others too dreadful to mention.

It has already been stated that there are about 2300 Christians belonging to our Church in Yezo, and that these are by God's blessing increasing every year; but it must not for a moment be supposed that these visible results are the only fruit God has given us. There is much going on which we do not see, and often the fruit does not grow till long after the seed has been sown. The sowing, indeed, goes on day by day, here, there, and everywhere. In fact, the missionaries do just as the text at the head of this chapter recommends:—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Often when the preacher has imagined that the seed has fallen upon the hard wayside, or on rocky soil, or among the thorns, and so has been downcast about his work, he has heard many years afterwards, much to his joy and encouragement, that it has after all

struck root deep down into the heart and is producing good fruit. I will give you an example or two.

In the year 1899 Bishop Fyson wrote to the Society these words :—
 “Many of the people have immigrated here from the Main Island, where they have been in contact with the foreign missionary in some form or other, and after talking to a little knot of hearers one



Buddhist Priests.

frequently hears such remarks as, ‘Oh, I have a sister in a Christian school at such-and-such a place,’ or, ‘My brother belongs to the Christians,’ or, ‘Mr. So-and-so’ — mentioning some well-known missionary—‘often used to stay at my house.’ And more than once, in travelling through the country, I have been greeted with, ‘Are you not Mr. Fyson?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘I remember seeing you at Niigata twenty years ago, and hearing you preach there.’ So the seed sown in various places has not been altogether



Amida, a Picture Idol.

in vain: it takes time to root itself and grow, but the seed is undoubtedly good seed, and the ground is not all bad, and so the harvest is sure."

So, too, only the year before last, a somewhat similar case came under my own eye. It happened thus. During one of my preaching tours I had occasion to stay at a country village called Oikarumai, and, as is the custom among us missionaries when travelling, I held a preaching service in the evening. After the service was concluded I noticed that an elderly man remained behind with a few others for further conversation. This man looked at me and said, "You don't remember me, do you?" "Oh, no," said I, "I do not think I have the pleasure of your acquaintance." "Well," said he, "I saw you at a certain place"—

mentioning the name—"about fifteen or sixteen years ago, and I heard you preach there. I have not forgotten all these years what you said about the love of Jesus, and would now like to be further instructed." I cannot tell you how rejoiced I was. I, too, then remembered preaching at that place, and I remembered also how sorry I felt for the people, how hard their hearts appeared, and how discouraged I was. No impression to speak of, beyond that of mere curiosity, seemed to have been made. But, lo! here had been the seed secretly lying in the man's heart all those years, and the watering it received that night at Oikarumai, by the Holy Spirit's gracious working, made it to put forth roots. May God still bless it and make it grow!

But the Holy Spirit works more quickly than this sometimes. The owner of the inn at which I stayed at Oikarumai that night was also at the service. He was a staunch Buddhist, and had a shrine in the very room in which I held the service, in which, in fact, it was intended that I should spend the night. This man also acted as a kind of sub-priest of the village and caretaker of the shrine. It was he who used to burn incense, light the candles, and place the host (i.e. rice and wine of the Buddhist mass) upon the altar. I did not expect much encouragement from him, I must confess, but, wonderful to relate, this old man jumped up at the end of the service, took his own special picture-idol of Amida* down from the wall and handed it to me. He said that he had now made up his mind to become a disciple of Jesus. I was exceedingly glad at this, and received him as a catechumen at once. He was baptized at the end of the year 1900.

* With reference to this deity a certain German author has written as follows:—"As leader of the legion of Buddhist deities, Amida is enthroned aloft, the immeasurably resplendent, the deity of consolation, help, and deliverance, to whom thousands of idols of every size are dedicated throughout Japan. This god leads its faithful followers to happiness, where they enjoy the blessed sight of Amida, of the loveliest gardens, with flowers, water, birds, &c." (J. J. Rein, "Japan.")



Hakodate Thirty Years ago.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY FRIENDS.

“He (God) knoweth the secrets of the heart.”—*Ps. xliv. 21.*

IN the last chapter I mentioned the name of one of the very first friends it was my privilege to make in Japan. This was Mr. Kimura, who, it will be remembered, ate stewed cat in the hope of its curing him of his illness. He was the very first of my early friends to be called to live with Jesus in heaven. Besides this gentleman, I wish to say a few words about some other very interesting people I have had to do with, and the first of these is Mr. Terata.

When I reached Hakodate I found Mr. Terata residing there. He was a soldier, but also a candidate being prepared for Holy Baptism by Mr. Williams. He was formerly one of our C.M.S. staff, working first in Hakodate and then in Osaka and other places. He is

now an ordained clergyman, and is a chosen missionary of the Japanese Church, being entirely supported by the Christians. At present he is stationed on the Island of Formosa. He is a very eloquent speaker and has done right good service in the cause of his Master. He and Mr. Kimura were great friends and of a kindred spirit. Before they became Christians they were up to all kinds of mischief, they told me, and used to practise unnecessary jokes on other people. Thus, for example, as boys they would chase other people's cats and dogs, cut the well-ropes at night and so allow the bucket to fall into the water below, or even be so mean as to take a person's gate off the hinges and throw it into the garden of a neighbour. All this was very bad, but, of course, changed before they became Christians.

Mr. Terata told me that he even contemplated slaying a man once, and the person he thought of killing was none other than the C.M.S. missionary then stationed at Hakodate. It happened in this way. Mr. Terata went into the



The Rev. D. T. Terata with his Wife and Son.

carpenter's shop one evening when a service was being held to hear the missionary preach. On that occasion he was very much struck by the sermon, and became quite angry on account of it. It appeared to him, he said, as if someone had been telling the preacher all about his own goings on, and that every bit of the address was aimed at him, and him only. He became very wroth indeed at this, and determined to have the speaker's head off for such an insult. He returned that night to his barracks and thought the matter well over, but in the end came to the conclusion that it would be more sensible to go to the preaching once again and make quite sure that an insult was intended for him. Accordingly he went again one evening, and at that service came to the conclusion that the preacher was not speaking specially at him more than every other person present. There was therefore no reason why he should cut off his head. I think from all this we may conclude that this was God's way of convicting Mr. Terata of sin. This was the real turning-point of his life, indeed the new life commenced in him from this time. After this had taken place he went more often to the services, and at last to Mr. Williams to be prepared for baptism. We are very thankful for Mr. Terata and look upon him as a monument of God's saving Grace and Power.

In 1878 the old carpenter's shop was pulled down in order to make room for a church, the first C.M.S. church in Yezo. The foundation-stone was laid by Mr. Eusdon, then British Consul, on August 14th, and there was quite a large concourse of people—I should say at least 1500 persons present. The building, which was an imposing one, was completed and opened on November 24th, 1878. The opening day was a delightful one, and a young man named Sano was admitted into Christ's visible Church by baptism. Poor Mr. Sano had much trouble in becoming a Christian, for all his relatives were dead-set against his doing so, and did all they could to dissuade him from it.

However, after a great deal of trouble his father's consent was at last obtained, and the issue was that, as was stated just now, he was the first person to be baptized in the new church. I am sorry to say that he has had great trouble since in the way of persecution, in consequence of which he no longer walks with us. The poor lad became a backslider. At the time of his baptism Mr. Williams wrote very highly of him, and all the rest of us then on the spot could thoroughly endorse what he said. "He," i.e. Mr. Sano, wrote Mr. Williams, "has attended our classes and meetings with great regularity during the last two years, and has given the most unequivocal proof of his attachment to Christianity—not only to Christianity as a system, for I feel sure that he really loves Christ as his personal Saviour. He is only about seventeen years of age; and yet when, about twelve months ago, his father told him that he must either give up coming to the classes or he would drive him forth from the parental roof, he did not hesitate. . . . The father, who really loved his son, soon relented, and the brave little fellow was speedily recalled; and from that time to this, both at home and abroad, he has borne a fruitful testimony for Christ." All this was very true, yet Satan got in at last, and poor Sano became and still remains a backslider. Let us pray that he may return to his Saviour.

Another young friend of mine was a lad who at that time was a medical student in the hospital at Hakodate. He also became a Christian after some time, and his name is Murai. He passed his medical examinations and has been a doctor for many years now. At present he is residing at Hakodate, and is a member of our Church there. You will be glad to hear that this Church has become quite self-supporting and has its own native pastor. Now, these three young men, namely, Messrs. Terata, Sano, and Murai, did me a very good turn one evening, and perhaps saved my life. I will tell you how.

On arrival at Hakodate I found that, among other places, a village called Arikawa had been selected by Mr. Williams as an out-station. It is only about seven miles from Hakodate. As soon as I could talk a little it was my privilege to walk to this place almost every week and either preach myself or hear one or other of our helpers do so. On a certain occasion when I went to take service those three young men accompanied me, as indeed they did more than once. It was at the beginning of the winter, when the snow-screens had been set up

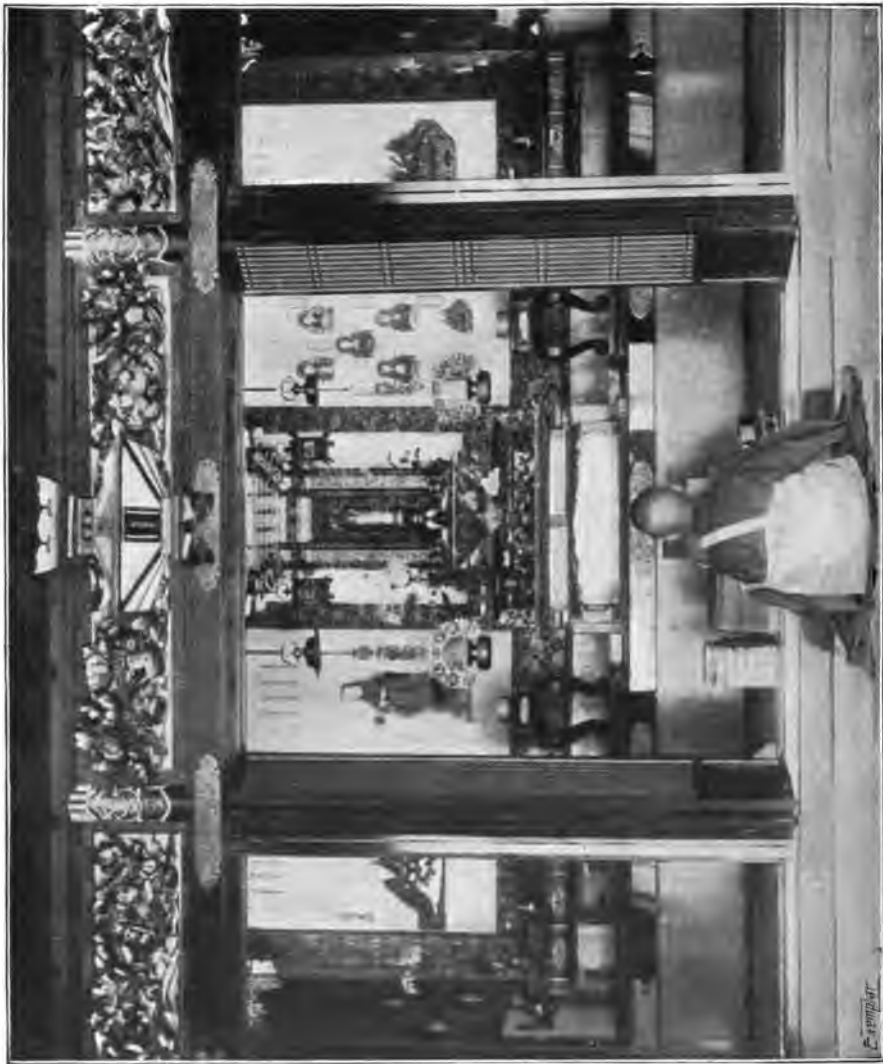


A Japanese Gentleman.

before the doors of the houses as a protection from the wind and snow. On that occasion Mr. Terata preached after I had done so, and a good meeting we had, the place being well filled with quiet listeners. After service we all started on our return journey to Hakodate. Before we got through the village, however, we were much surprised by a man jumping suddenly out from behind one of the snow-screens, flourishing a drawn sword in his hands! I do not know whether the intention was to kill or only frighten me, but certain it is that when he saw my three friends he quickly took to his heels! They evidently suspected mischief was intended, for they all

kept very close round me till we had got a good way on the journey home. However, no harm came of it, and I did not mention the matter to any one for several months after, and then I happened to speak of it in the course of a private conversation with our Consul. He seemed to think it much more serious than I did, however, and said I ought to have reported the matter to him at once. He had been many years in Japan and knew that there were still some Japanese of the old school yet about in some of the out-of-the-way country villages. I knew that I was in the Master's hands and nothing could persuade me that there was any real danger, and so I continued to go to Arikawa and preach, often quite alone, though sometimes in company with others. Though there might have been danger for the missionaries in those times and in some places, yet there is no danger whatever now: I or, I believe, any other missionary would undertake to go anywhere in Japan to preach with the greatest pleasure, and without the least fear of getting any harm. Christianity is understood now, and Japan is a civilized country.

Another friend was Mr. Murai's mother. It was often my privilege to visit this lady in company with her son. This happened while I was studying the language and before I could speak Japanese at all well, and I remember the laughs we used to have together at the mistakes I made in attempting to make myself understood; it was plainly evident, moreover, that the old lady was often greatly puzzled. When such was the case her son used to interpret my meaning in so far as he knew it. Being very thin and weak at the time, she used to feed me up with all kinds of nice Japanese cakes, and gave me as much tea to drink as I desired, and more too sometimes. It is a good thing, I often think, that Japanese tea-cups are so tiny, for, you see, these people always drink green tea, which is not good for us, and it is impolite not to take a sip or two when tea is made for and offered to one.



Japanese Buddhist Priest at Morning Prayer.

Mrs. Murai was not a Christian at that time, indeed I was told that she was afraid to become one for some reason or other, and was very bigoted. However, it is a pleasure to be able to tell you that she became a Christian in after years. She died some few years ago, a very peaceful death. As she was lying on her death-bed, expecting to be called to her Saviour every moment, she sent and asked a few Christians to come and sing to her. When they arrived and had gathered round her bed and had prayed that the Lord would still continue His peace to her and grant her His presence, they sang, at her request, a pretty children's hymn she was very fond of, and that was,—

“ Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.”

I was told afterwards that she died in quiet peace, and that her soul sped its way to the Lord Jesus while the last verse was being sung. It was a truly beautiful death.

But now let me tell you of some people I knew who, alas ! did not become Christians. When I first arrived in Hakodate my attention was at once drawn to two, whom I supposed to be very strong and good characters. One was named Mr. Jinno, and he was acting as Mr. Williams's teacher of the Japanese language. The other was a woman, whose name, I believe, was Watanabe. She was Mrs. Williams's teacher. I will tell you about Mrs. Watanabe first. This lady had been married, but her husband, much to her distress, had died. When this happened she shaved her head clean and became a Buddhist nun. There are plenty of nuns among the Buddhists, some of whom live in the temples and convents, while others are mendicants who travel about the country and get their living by begging. All of these nuns have beads or rosaries by which they count the number of times they repeat their short prayers. The prayers are simply vain repetitions of some such sentence as this:

"*Namu Amida, butsu,*" which, I was told by a devout Buddhist, only means, "O Buddha, help me." One often hears old people saying it when walking up or down a hill, or when in any particular trouble. Well, the thing which first struck me about Mrs. Watanabe was the way in which her shaven head used to shine. It was so bright that I often wondered whether she did not polish it with something; but I came to the conclusion that it became so bright and shiny only through constant washing. This woman was very merry and, I thought, very happy, for she was always laughing. At that time I was wrestling hard with the language, so that I could not talk to her much. I tried to find out why she did not become a Christian, and, so far as I could understand, there was only one reason she could give, and that was that her husband had died a Buddhist, and out of love for him she would die one also, for she was very fond of him. Otherwise she thought she would become a Christian. You see, the Buddhist priests say prayers for the dead, so as to get their souls, so they say, out of what is called purgatory. The priests get well paid for their prayers. They not only say the mass in the temples, but also in the home of the deceased, where the candles are lighted and incense burned just as if the service was being conducted in a temple.

I do not think old Mrs. Watanabe ever became an outward Christian. I lost sight of her after two or three years. I think she was one of those people who imagine that they will be saved by God's mercy, even though they believe only half in Christ and half in Buddha. There are many who think in this way, which, of course, we know is not what the Lord Jesus wants, for He desires to have the whole heart and life.

I can never think of this old nun without, for some reason or other, calling to mind another Buddhist nun who lived in Hakodate. There was once a very great stir made at that place by the report

that a certain nun belonging to one of the temples had died and risen again. I believe it was said that she had been among the dead for nearly a week, and during that time had paid a visit to purgatory and Paradise, walking about with angels and being taught matters connected with what happens beyond the grave. There used to be large meetings in the temples, at which she gave her experiences while out of the body. And besides this, she used to meet people privately and impart to them the secret knowledge she had gained there. She undoubtedly brought no small gain to her sect by her so-called revelations, though, of course, the wiser and more learned of the people—even among the Buddhists themselves—held aloof in unbelief. But there is another strange thing connected with this nun, a thing which I would not have believed had I not been in Hakodate at the time it happened. It is a matter which I should feel inclined to doubt even now, had not the same kind of thing happened again within the last three or four years, both at Hakodate, Sapporo, and other places I could name, and of which other missionaries, foreign and native,



Buddhist Priest at Prayer.

could bear testimony. The num I have mentioned used to take a bath at least once a day, and the water in which she had bathed, instead of being thrown away as it ought to have been, used to be sold or given to the Buddhist believers as a medicine. Some of the people drank it and others applied it to the various parts of their bodies if affected with disease. It must be understood, however, that the Japanese do not use soap in their baths. A person with rheumatism in the arm or foot would wash the place with it, those having sore eyes would bathe their eyes, while those with bad heads would wet their heads with it a few times, each one devoutly repeating the words, "*Namu Amida, butsu,*" given above, while applying the medicine.

The case just referred to as having happened but a very short while ago had to do with the archbishop of the Buddhists. Some three years ago he came to Yezo to visit the various Buddhist temples, and to collect money for the cause of his religion. He, too, used to take his daily bath, and the most devout and ignorant of his followers used to be very eager to get the bath water. Think of that even in this late day! This kind of thing cannot, I imagine, last much longer, for the masses of the Japanese are fast becoming an educated people, and will, as a consequence, cease to believe in such absurdities.

Old Jinno, whose name I mentioned just now as Mr. Williams's teacher, was in some respects the most remarkable man that I ever remember having met. He thought he knew everything worth knowing, especially about religion. I asked him at one time why he did not embrace the religion of Jesus, and he told me that he was a man of such an upright life, and had so much knowledge and learning himself, that there was no necessity at all for him to embrace Christianity! Besides, he had read Christian books, Shinto books, Buddhist books, and all the works of the Chinese Confucius and Mencius. Moreover,



Image of Buddha.

he had selected all the best passages from each and made his own form of religion out of them all. And he told me that I need have no fear for him, for if any one ever went to heaven it would be himself ! I have met a large number of very self-righteous men among the Heathen, but never one quite so hardened as this one. He is dead now, and I am sorry to say that I believe he died without accepting Christ as his Saviour.

Mr. Jinno was such a very good teacher that I thought I would

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take a few lessons from him, and so got him to come to me. It did not last long, however, for the old man left me in a great passion one day, and never came back again. The fact was, I happened, quite inadvertently, to touch him on his tenderest spot, and that was his self-righteousness. It happened in this way. In the course of our lessons we were reading some Buddhist sermons. The subject was the necessity of not only hearing good things, but of doing them also. And the matter was illustrated thus: Once upon a time a certain human soul was taken to the next world and an angel was deputed to show it round, that it might look at all the beautiful things in Paradise. As they were going along, the soul saw some very beautiful fungi growing like mushrooms on the trunks of some trees. So beautiful were they that it said to the angel, "Look, what very nice mushrooms are growing on yonder tree!" "Oh," said the angel, smiling, "they are not mushrooms; they are the ears of men and women. They came from the bodies of people who heard good things during their life upon earth, but did not practise what they heard. Therefore their ears only came to Paradise." "Now," said Mr. Jinno to me, "if you will but preach nice things to the people, your tongue will be sure to go to heaven when you die." I was much surprised at this remark, but took it simply as my teacher's little joke. I therefore immediately replied, "And so, by the same way of reasoning, I may say that if you yourself will kindly come and hear those good things you tell me to preach, your ears also will go to Paradise." You cannot think how angry the old man was. He replied to me in this way: "What do you mean in answering me back after such a manner? I am your teacher, remember that; and, moreover, I am old enough to be your grandfather. I know far more of these things than you can possibly know. I am a good man, and there is nothing you can teach me." He went on in this strain for a long time, and then got up and

walked away, and never came to teach me again! I often went to his house to see him after this, and spent many an interesting hour with him. He was always most friendly, but I am sorry to say that he remained as self-righteous as ever. He had not the slightest idea of sin and his need of the cleansing blood of Jesus. There are many like him in the world. May their eyes be opened to see the light!

In the year 1876 work was commenced in a place called Ono, which had a farming population of about 2350 souls. In the year after I came up from Hong Kong I found that Mr. Ogawa, then a catechist, was stationed there with his family. After remaining in Hakodate about two months, Mr. Williams finally made arrangements for me to go and stay with him for the purpose of studying the language, as I wanted to be in a place where I could not hear any English spoken. The person who owned the land upon which the preaching-place and catechist's house stood was a farmer. I often went out with him to his farm to see how the work was done, and to learn the names of the tools they used, and of the weeds which grew and the seeds which were being planted. This old farmer was a very ignorant but most staunch Buddhist. It seemed that nothing could move him to think of Jesus Christ. He thought that Buddha was every bit as good as Jesus, and quite as well able to save mankind. This old man (he is dead now) used to think, as other Buddhists do also, that Jesus would do to be the foreigner's God, while Buddha was the god for the Japanese. He thought, in addition to this, that every land and people had its own special gods, and that if a person gave up the gods of his own country he would certainly be punished by them. This man also thought that if he became a Christian he would thereby become an Englishman, and so prove disloyal to his Emperor. Every one I have told you about is just a special type of the people, for there are many like them. All were interesting, and there was much to learn from each. I am glad I knew them.



A Japanese Lantern.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HAKODATE FIRE AND FURTHER PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

“Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.”
Rev. xix. 6.

THE church which was erected at Hakodate in the year 1878 was a very nice and commodious building, and there were sittings in it for at least 250 people, while 300 could easily be accommodated when necessary. The walls were cemented all round and the windows had iron shutters to them. It was said by the builder to be fireproof. Many people believed it to be so, while there were some who had very grave doubts on this point. It had a small tower over the porch, with one bell in it. I shall never forget the first time that bell was rung for service. You must know that in all Japanese towns and cities there are a number of fire-bells set up in various places, by which notice is given when a fire breaks out. Those nearest the quarter where the fire is raging ring more rapidly than those farther away, so that the people know at once how far off the danger lies. Now, when our church bell was rung for the first time, the people thought the place was on fire! They turned

out in their thousands, and the church that evening was simply packed to overflowing. We did not know at the time why so many had come, but thought it was to hear the Gospel, and rejoiced accordingly. We were told afterwards, however, the true reason,



A Japanese Lady in Winter Dress.

and were also informed that some of the people were very angry at being startled and put to inconvenience by the bell, while others thought it a splendid joke. But never mind that now, there was a good congregation and many heard the Gospel on that occasion for the first time, and would perhaps never have heard it had it not been for the mistake. But, it may be asked, "Have not the Buddhists some

bells in their temples?" Why, yes, of course they have. But the temple bells are large and do not sound at all like the fire-bells, while the one placed in the church was just a fire-bell of the ordinary kind. Hence its effect on the crowds. Besides, the people know when to expect to hear the temple bells, and also recognize their tone and time at once, for they are rung very slowly indeed. Our bell was rung more rapidly, and the faster it rang the more the people hastened to church, thinking the danger and need of help was great. The matter ended without accident, but later on a request came from the city authorities asking that the bell be not rung again, which request was, of course, thenceforth complied with.

The church used to be very well attended sometimes, and the people were always respectful and attentive. I remember being very much amused one evening by an old country farmer who happened to be at the service for the first time. It was the beginning of the work in those days, and the people did not know they might not smoke or talk in church. There was a very large pulpit in the church, standing on four legs. The building was crowded with people, so that the old gentleman I am now speaking of was obliged to sit between the legs of the pulpit and right under the preacher's feet. There he sat and smoked and listened in a happy frame of mind. The preacher had no idea he was there, and was very much surprised at the end of his address to see the man poke his head out from below, and looking up, say: "Don't stop yet, please; kindly go on; I am listening"! This behaviour did not strike him as being anything out of the way, but it did some of the congregation, and caused a good deal of amusement. You may, perhaps, think it funny that he should have smoked; but to him it was not so, for the people smoke in the Buddhist temples during their services, and not only so, but talk, or sleep, or get up and

walk about just as they desire. They have not the respect for their places of worship that we have, so that reverence in God's House is one of the matters the missionaries have to teach the early Christians.

December 6th, 1879, was a sad time for us at Hakodate, for at eight o'clock in the evening of that day a big fire broke out about 3000 yards away from the church. There was a very strong wind blowing at the time, and every one could see that it was going to be a very serious matter; and indeed it was serious, for within four hours the greater part of Hakodate was burned to the ground. No less than 2500 Japanese houses were reduced to ashes within that time, besides our church and one of the C.M.S. houses, which Mr. Dening himself was then occupying. Mr. Williams had already been transferred to the important station of Tokyo, and I happened to be residing in the house he had built. As soon as I saw how serious things were looking, I rushed off to the church to see if anything could be done, and there I found Mr. Dening watching things. I had not been there long before I became aware that the wind was carrying the fire towards Mr. Dening's home, and so I rushed off to see whether anything could be done to save the property. Arrived there I found Mrs. Dening, who begged me to take her to her husband, which I did at once. That task finished, I ran back to the house and found that place too was now in real danger. All the servants had rushed off to their homes to save what they could of their own belongings, and the two little Dening children, Lillie and Florrie (of course they are full-grown ladies now), I found to be snugly in bed and fast asleep. The first thing to be done was to make them get up and dress at once, so as to be prepared to leave at the shortest notice. I then got a small hand-cart and commenced putting a few things in it, at the same time wishing Mr. and Mrs. Dening would return, and wondering why

they did not do so. However, I had not put many things into the cart before they came, and sadly told me that the church had gone to ashes. Some of the Christians had placed their goods in it, hoping that it would not burn, but, alas! it did, so that they lost all their property. Mr. and Mrs. Dening had only been back a very few minutes when we discovered that if we would save our lives we must all be off at once, and so by carefully choosing the least smoky places we got out of harm's way. It was an awful night, and I hope never to see another like it. On our way from the house I saw a frightened cat rush across the road and escape into a drain. The poor animal was like a big black cinder with a large head, glaring eyes, and four legs to it; for every hair had been singed off her body. It was shocking to see those large, staring eyes. I have

often thought of that cat and wondered whether she escaped into safety or not. I believe about forty men and women lost their lives in the fire, and I myself saw one or two charred remains lying by the roadside in the very early hours of the morning. But enough. The first C.M.S. church ever built in Yezo completely disappeared in the Hakodate fire.

The burning down of the church did not, of



The Second Hakodate Church.

course, stop the progress of the work at all, for the success of the Gospel does not depend upon a church-building. Churches are convenient places for worship and preaching, but they are not necessary at the beginning of a Mission, for preaching or seed-sowing can be done anywhere, out of doors as well as in. Humanly speaking, it appeared to us then that it was the end of all things when the church had disappeared; but we always remember that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and if He permitted the church to be destroyed it was only to teach us that it was not necessary to His cause just then and in that place. Other churches have since been built, and the present one, of which I have already spoken on page 22 belongs entirely to the Japanese themselves. It is their own, and we praise God that it is so.

The missionary work in Yezo is largely itinerant, that is to say, the missionaries travel about a good deal. They are out at all seasons and in all sorts of weather. The bare fact of going out in bad weather sometimes makes its mark, for it has more than once excited surprise and done good among the people: I will give you an example of this. You will understand that the rooms in Japanese inns are only divided from each other by paper sliding doors, so that what is said by people in one room may easily be heard by those in the next, even when one does not intend to hear. Now, one evening, there happened to be two men, whom I will call *A.* and *B.*, in the room next that in which the missionary was boiling his kettle for tea, and a conversation something like the following was heard to take place between them:—

A. "Dear me, what a strange thing! Look at the weather and listen to the howling wind. It has been snowing and blowing like this all the afternoon. Yet that foreigner next door (meaning the missionary) has come several miles through it all to preach Christianity! What can his object be? and I wonder if he can speak

our language. I wonder, too, what the real object of all this trouble he is taking can be !”

B. “Hush! do not talk so loudly. He is next door and may possibly understand what is said. Ah, yes; it is strange, to be sure. Why should he turn out this cold weather? I suppose he must be pretty well paid for it. He would not do it unless he was, I suppose.”

A. “Yes, that may be so; or don’t you think there may be some political motive behind it all?”

B. “It may be that, or very likely he is simply looking about to find out whether there is an opening here for trade.”

A. “Just so; yet I hardly imagine this to be the case, for other foreigners and sometimes a Japanese or two come here to preach. They have done so, indeed, for several years now. But it does not appear that any of them have done any business; and if there was any political motive behind it all, our Government would very soon hear of it and set that matter straight.”

B. “Yes, yes; just so. I wonder, then, what can be the motive. The idea of taking the trouble to come all this distance in such weather as this! It surprises me and I cannot understand it. Truly the foreigners are a remarkable people.”

A. “It is curious indeed. Can Christianity be so important that missionaries will go to all this trouble for nothing excepting just to preach it?”

B. “Yes; if they come only to preach and for no other purpose it is most surprising. Have you ever heard a Christian sermon?”

A. “No, I never did. Did you?”

B. “No, never.”

A. “Well, then, supposing we go and hear this evening? What do you say?”

B. “Agreed; let us go.”

And to the service they went. Thus you see that the simple fact of going a few miles in wind and snow to preach was an eloquent sermon in itself, and one which, by God's grace, made an impression. I do not know what has become of those travellers, but I am hopeful that the seed sown in their hearts was not in vain.

Since the time of the great fire in Hakodate the work in Yezo has developed and expanded wonderfully. Instead of having some five or six stations at which preaching services were held, the whole island is now well under control. And, moreover, though at that time no direct preaching to the poor Ainu had been done, there are now but few who have not heard something of the Lord Jesus.



Group of Ainu Christians and Catechumens, outside Preaching Place, Piratori.

A SMOKING HUT.*Interior of an Ainu Hut.*

The message is regularly carried to them by the missionaries and their helpers in each district. There are in all twenty-two churches and preaching-places on this island. But it must not be supposed that these are the only places in which services are held. We preach in many other buildings, such as Japanese inns, rooms in private houses, and also in Ainu huts. It is always possible to hold the services in an orderly manner in the churches and preaching-places, of course, but it is not in every case so easy to do so in the inns, huts, and private rooms. Let us take the beginnings of the work in an Ainu hut as an example. The light in these is very bad; they are dreadfully smoky; they are not at all clean, and smell anything but nice. It is also very disturbing to be obliged to stop in the middle of one's sermon and say in a loud voice, "Please do not kill insects till the service is ended." Not only do the people do this during the address, but I have also known them bring young bear-cubs to nurse during service. This is not pleasant, but has to be put up with. It all belongs to the work of a pioneer missionary among the Ainu of Yezo. However, things grow better as time goes on. As soon as we get the churches built, the little out-of-the-way matters now mentioned disappear, and things gradually come to be done as orderly as in our churches in England.





Two Ainu Children.

CHAPTER IX.

METHODS OF WORK.

“Precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept ; line upon line, line upon line ; here a little, and there a little : for with stammering lips and another tongue will he speak to this people.”—*Isa.* xxviii. 10, 11.

IT has already been pointed out in this little book that a great deal of the missionaries' work in Yezo consists in itinerating. Itinerating is, as you know quite well, just going about from place to place, and the purpose of it is to preach the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. All true workers always try to remember that they are “ambassadors for Christ,” and that they are only sent to be witnesses on His behalf. After having learned something of the language, the message is delivered—the witness is borne—first by simple private talking to a few individuals, and after that by public preaching ; and it is always

our desire to make as many different people hear as we possibly can.

All this requires the exercise of a wonderful amount of patience, both by the teacher and the taught. It is done as the text at the heading of this chapter says, for it is true that "precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little." It is here that the missionary needs the grace of patience, for it is remarkable to see how slow some of the people are at learning. Try to imagine how your poor music-teacher must feel sometimes when he or she is labouring to teach you first the notes, and then all about those terrible majors, minors, augmenteds, and perfects, as well as about the seconds and thirds, fourths, fifths, time, and so on! The teacher himself needs patience, does he not? But supposing the teacher is not quite perfect—what then? What a fearful discord he must sometimes make in his practice, to be sure! That is something like the poor missionary. He has to speak in a foreign tongue. He has tried very hard to learn it, but still mistakes will occur. It is then that the learners—the people to whom he is preaching—need to exercise patience. Now, I have found the Japanese very indulgent and patient, and polite and kind to us. Allow me to tell you of a case I heard myself. I once knew a certain missionary who was an excellent Japanese scholar and eloquent preacher. But he had one marked failing in his pronunciation. When talking fast he could not at first say "*Kami*" (which means "God") very well, but the final *i* would change itself into *e* somehow or other; so that the people heard *kame* for *kami*. Now *kame* means "tortoise"! The people therefore began to wonder what the tortoise which the missionary said lived in heaven could possibly be! The Japanese nowadays do not believe that any tortoise is god, though they used to do so. The Ainu, as well as the Red Indians, and some other races, still do, however.

It was no wonder, therefore, that they began to ask one another what could be meant. They decided at last, and quite rightly, too, that *Kami* ("God") was intended, and so the mistake was excused.

But it is hardly fair, perhaps, for me to mention the mistakes of a former missionary. I will therefore give one of my own. The Japanese word for "foundation" is *dodai*; but there is another word a little like it, and that is *daidai*, a kind of orange. After having preached a sermon one evening, a member of the congregation came to me and said: "We understood your sermon very well indeed, but there is just one thing I should be glad if you would kindly explain. It is this. You spoke about the *daidai* ('orange') of the world. What kind of an orange did you mean?" I could not imagine what he meant for a time, and then I discovered that I had used the word *daidai* ("orange") when I meant *dodai* ("foundation"). So you see teachers as well as taught, and the taught most of all, perhaps, have a great need of the virtue of patience.

But the mistakes do not always happen through using the wrong word, for sometimes they come through misplacing the honorifics. For instance, when talking in Japanese one must be careful to speak of his own things as very ordinary or common, and of those of the person he is addressing as extraordinary and grand. Thus, a Japanese will often speak of his own wife as his "foolish wife," or of his beautiful residence as "my old house"; his beloved children will be "my little 'animals,' or 'brats,'" perhaps; and his beautiful new hundred-guinea gold watch, "my worthless old ticker," or something of that kind.

Now, it is all very well for one to speak of his own belongings in this way, but how would it be to speak of those of another after the same manner? How would it be, think you, for example, to go and say to a man, "Good morning, sir, how is your foolish wife to-day?" Or to a lady, "Good evening, madam, how are those little brats of

children of yours?" Or again, supposing you were to see a friend riding a beautiful horse or being followed by a splendid dog—it would not be quite the thing, would it, to go and say to him, "What a disgraceful old wretch of a horse that is you are riding," or "What a mangy old cur this is following you"? It would never do to speak in this way of things belonging to another, while, when they are your own, it would be polite to do so. I once heard a very dear old gentleman, a missionary, make a mistake something after the manner just mentioned. He commenced his lecture by saying, "Gentlemen, when I first came to your abominable country about thirty years ago—" He then corrected himself and said, "When your humble servant" (meaning himself) "left his own worthless country and came to your most honourable and exquisite land," and so on. He thus corrected himself right nobly, and all passed off well. Soon after arriving in Japan I remember making my first serious blunder in this respect. It was in this way: I was walking with Mr. Ogawa along the main street of Hakodate when we met a Christian lady and her three children. I addressed the lady, and thought I was saying, "Are these your honourable children?" while in reality I said, "Are these your odious youngsters?" Mr. Ogawa put me right at once and I apologized, and so that matter also passed off all right. Thus, then, you will see that all new missionaries to Japan need your special prayers that they may be helped in learning to speak this difficult language in a way that will not give offence.

As a result of itinerating, many people hear the Word, and, thanks be to God, some believe. These first believers form the nucleus or beginning of a Church, and from these others hear and become interested, and at last join them. As a rule, however, the first Church is generally gathered out round the home of the missionary, and generally the meetings, classes, and quiet services are held in his house.

Thus, when Mr. Williams reached Hakodate there was a small, a very small, congregation of Christians and inquirers already in existence; and besides holding services for them and the Heathen down in the city, he also held his Bible-classes in the C.M.S. house on the hill. This class consisted of five persons only, but they were all very interesting people, and also very much interested in what was read and taught. As soon as I arrived upon the scene I forthwith joined myself to them, so as to pray with them and hear the language spoken, and also to find out as well as possible how they regarded the good things told them. Mr. Terata, Mr. Kimura, poor Mr. Sano, Mr. Murai, and old Mrs. Watanabe (all of whom have already been mentioned) formed the class. Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Williams and myself, with often Mr. Ogawa. It was a small gathering, but very cozy, warm, bright, and helpful. Such classes, which are always held by someone on the spot, form one great means of building up the Christians, and of interesting others who are brought to us by the regular attendants.

At these classes very curious questions are often asked. Let me just quote one out of many: "We read in Genesis iii. 6 that *Eve* first partook of the forbidden fruit, and thus sin and death were brought into the world. Eve was therefore the cause of death. But in 1 Cor. xv. 22 it is written, 'As in *Adam* all die.' How is this to be explained?" I wonder if you, dear reader, can explain this matter? If not, go and ask someone about it. Do not forget, also, the last part of the verse I have quoted, "As in *Adam* all die, even so in *Christ* shall all be made alive."

As early as possible Sunday-schools are also started, and these do a very great deal of good. Indeed the heathen Buddhist priests of Japan have found out what a power Sunday-schools are, and have actually established some for the children of their own adherents.



Heathen Village Children.

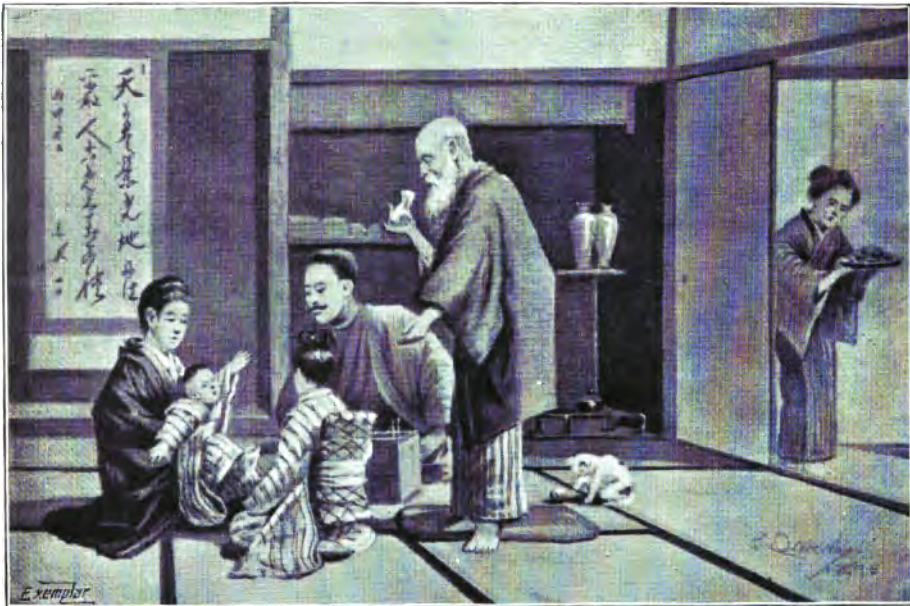
Missionaries never forget the little boys and girls, for they remember the words of Him Who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The C.M.S. Sunday-school children of Yezo now number more than 2000; they are not all baptized Christians yet, but we hope and pray that they will be some day. I will give you just one incident which shows what kind of good Sunday-schools do in some cases. A little heathen girl of the age of seven attended one of our Sunday-schools. Her brothers and sisters, and also her father and mother, were all Heathen. The little girl believed what she was taught by her teacher of the love of the Lord Jesus, and the Holy Spirit worked so graciously in her heart that she asked for baptism. All were surprised at this, and the teacher and pastor both thought it would be best to keep her waiting some time longer, especially as she was so young and her parents both Heathen. She was very much disappointed at this, and kept continually urging her teacher to get her baptized. She was so intensely in earnest and constant in her request that she could not be resisted any longer. Her parents

gave their consent, and so, after a time, she was baptized, which made her very happy. This little mite of a girl used to teach her brother and sister, father and mother, what she had heard at the Sunday-school and in church. The result of this, so far, is that the brother, sister, and mother have now also become Christians, while the father and grandmother are greatly interested. Praise God for that.

When the workers are so few as they always are in heathen lands, other days are chosen in which the teachers go to the surrounding villages, give their Sunday-school lessons, and in some cases form knitting-classes for the girls and women. These also are a great success sometimes. The Buddhist priests have seen this also and so now imitate us. Through the means of these little classes many doors are open to us, and we are very thankful. I will give you two illustrations showing how the Lord Jesus uses the classes for His glory. The first shows how glory for Jesus Christ may come from a little child. It is this: In a certain heathen village, far away from the home of the



Maria, an Ainu Christian Worker.



A Christian Japanese Family at a Meal.

missionary, preaching services are held two evenings a month, and on the afternoon of the same day the children are collected together and taught the Sunday-school lessons by means of large pictures. They are also taught to sing hymns. On a certain occasion it happened that a tiny boy, about seven years of age, had been adopted into another family and was to leave his parents' home. His father and mother were very poor indeed, and the little boy was greatly distressed because he had no good clothes to wear. The only coat he had was dirty and ragged. Another little lad, who also attended the afternoon school just spoken of, stepped out, and, taking off his nice, clean, tidy coat, handed it to the

little ragged boy and said, "Here, take this. I am a Christian; I follow Jesus. You may have my coat." His parents, though Heathen, were very pleased, and allowed the other lad to take it away. Both children were unbaptized, but the one who gave the coat glorified Christ, did he not?

The next story is about a Christian family, and has something in it to cause both sadness and pleasure, sorrow and joy. In a certain village there resides a Christian family consisting of a husband and wife, with a little adopted daughter who was about six years of age at the time I now refer to. One afternoon just before tea-time, sad to relate, the father and mother had a quarrel and were very angry with each other. Tea was got ready and they all sat down to eat. The father was so cross that he began the meal, alas! without first saying grace. The little girl set her rice down on the little table and, looking at her adopted father, said, "Honoured father, it is wicked to be cross. You have neglected to give thanks for this food. Jesus will be grieved. I cannot eat my food till you have given God thanks." The parents were much touched at this. Indeed the father was affected to tears, and was moved to say the grace. Peace was thus made at once. We may depend upon it that this little girl got the blessing of Him Who said, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Then, too, besides such classes and schools as have now been mentioned, there are night-schools in some places, such as that of Miss Bryant's at Piratori. These also do much good and are very greatly appreciated. There are several small elementary schools such as those in the Kushiro and Hakodate districts, as well as some of a higher class like that of the Japanese girls' school at Hakodate, under Mr. Andrews, and the school for Ainu lads, also at Hakodate, in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Nettleship. The good done by these schools is very manifest and it is permanent. At Sapporo there is a "Home" for Ainu girls, where, besides the Gospel of our salvation, such useful

things as reading and writing, cooking and needlework are taught. Indeed they are taught all things which would tend to make them good and useful wives.

Miss Tapson also, in conjunction with Miss Jex-Blake, has a nice "Home" for Japanese girls and young women at Hakodate. It is hoped that some of those who are trained will by-and-by give themselves up to the Lord for His work as Bible-women. This is a grand work, and the influence of the "Home" is steadily growing.



The Rev. J. Batchelor with Ainu.



Dr. Colborne in the Dispensary, Hakodate.

Then, again, there is a still higher branch of the work carried on in Hakodate. I refer to an institution there for training young men to become catechists.

Mr. Andrews began this work many years ago, and the benefit it has been to us in supplying workers is indescribable.

And now I must say one more word about another branch of the work, and that is the medical. This is a very good and important part of our Mission, and its influence and power for good are very great. Dr. and Mrs. Colborne are doing a grand work at Hakodate, where Miss Evans has gone to join them and assist as nurse. Many a sick one receives the Saviour into his heart shortly before his death; while others are converted while ill, and when cured of their diseases become faithful witnesses for Christ by word and life. A special feature connected with this work is the little service which is held daily in the dispensary. Every person who is attended to there by the doctor hears something about Christ the Lord. And what is heard there by the people is carried farther, for they almost all talk of it again to their friends. These people are

really the poorest of the poor, and among such the Gospel always appears to make rapid progress.

Miss Bryant, a trained nurse, also spends many hours a day among the sick Ainu at Piratori and the surrounding villages.

The last thing to be mentioned in this connexion is the "Hospital Rest House" for sick Ainu at Sapporo. This building was completed in December, 1892, and has been much appreciated by the people ever since. Seventy-five patients were admitted in the first year, and every year since the numbers have been between 100 and 160. Very few of those who have come to us have died, and almost all have gone back to their homes cured, while every one has heard much about the Salvation of Christ. Many have been con-



A Crippled Ainu.

verted there and have gone home to their villages cured both in body and soul.

There is one other mode of working among the people in the spread of the Good News, and that is the distribution of Scriptures, tracts, and good books. All missionaries know the value of these helps and are grateful to the Religious Tract Society.

Thus all these different agencies, such as preaching, schools, and medical treatment, are working together in the cause of Christ for the good of His Kingdom. He acknowledges them all and bestows His blessing upon them; yea, and He will bless them right on to the end. It is through His blessing alone that the work has progressed so far and so well.



Hospital Rest House, Sapporo.

CHAPTER X.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF BECOMING CHRISTIANS.

“Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.”—*Zech.* iv. 6.

IT is absolutely certain that the words contained in the verse standing at the top of this chapter are true.

We may say this not only because we know them to be the very words of God Himself, but also because our own experience proves it to be so. No sooner does the missionary get among the poor benighted, spiritually blinded Heathen than he begins to feel as never before how great is his own weakness. No missionary can convert a Heathen. Such a deed as that is utterly beyond all human power. Nor can a Heathen convert himself of his own will. It is only possible for God to do such things as these; and it is His holy Word which so truly says, “Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.”

Before becoming a missionary I used to imagine that work among



An Ainu with his Offering.

(See page 112.)

the Heathen was quite easy, because I was under the impression that all the Heathen to whom missionaries were sent were anxiously waiting to receive the blessed Gospel of the Lord Jesus, and that one had only to preach to them and then they would all be willing to become Christians almost at once. But in this I was mistaken, for Satan has blinded their hearts and has them very much under his power. He will not give them up without a hard struggle. Thousands, it is true, do accept the Gospel of their salvation quickly in some parts of the world—we thank God for this; and many more have a desire to accept it; but still the great majority do not do so. There are very many things holding them back, some of which we can see and know about, and others which we cannot hope ever to find out. One thing we are certain of, however, and that is that all the hindrances, whatever their form and nature may be, are directly from the great spiritual enemy—Satan—himself. But then we also know that he is being gradually driven out, and that in the end the Lord Jesus will surely reign in his stead.

In the present chapter I want to tell you of a certain class of difficulties which stand in the way of the people confessing Christ. Most of these difficulties have to do with their own religions, though there are many others which arise from the wicked heart of a corrupt nature, and not a few find their cause in a body made weak by evil habits.

In order that we may understand these things more easily, let us get up a little conversation with one of the many Heathen one often meets with in Yezo. Let us suppose that the missionary has just finished preaching and is urging someone to accept Christ as his own personal Saviour. Perhaps the person to whom he is speaking will say: "Oh no, that may not be. We have already an old religion in which we believe. Why should I give that up for another? Our forefathers before us believed in it; it was good



Japanese Idols.

enough for them, why will it not do for us? No, I cannot change.”

“ But, why? The Lord Jesus spoke truth. He is God, and He came all the way from heaven to bring us news of our Father Who lives there; and also to suffer and die that we might live for ever in perfect peace and happiness with Him. He died for you! ”

“ Oh no, I know nothing about Him. He is not my God. He is

not my Saviour. We in this country have our own gods who attend to our wants. The English, too, have theirs, and the Chinese theirs. Every nation and each particular place has its own deities to attend to it."

"But," says the missionary, "there is only one true God over all, and He has given us only one true Saviour. We must come to this only God and we must believe in this one Saviour. Jesus is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' and He wants us all to come to Him. Just go away and think about Him, and then let us have another chat at some other time."

Thus we can only pray, and preach, and talk, and so try to



An Ainu Man.

show by degrees that the heathen gods have no real being and nowhere exist but in the imagination of those who believe in them. Nothing more than this can be done—the Holy Spirit of God must do the rest, every bit of it. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

Very likely you may wonder what gods the people of Yezo—the Ainu especially—worship. Well, there are very many of them indeed, and they are thought to exist everywhere. But not only do they worship things

which are supposed to be gods, but demons also. The skies, air, clouds, and even banks of fog, are supposed to be full of them. So, too, do they think there are gods of the sun, moon, and stars, and of the winds, mists, rain, sleet, hail, and snow; gods and demons also of land and sea, earth and water, mountains and valleys, fountains, springs, rivers, waterfalls, lakes and ponds, and also of all kinds of vegetation, as of trees, shrubs, grass, flowers, and even thorns, thistles, and weeds. They also imagine there are good and evil spirits who preside over fishes, reptiles, flies, birds, and animals. But besides all this they believe that there is one Supreme God to Whom all the other deities are subject, and also one chief demon for whom all other demons act as servants. The gods, they think, must be worshipped for it is their due, and the demons must be propitiated in order to purchase their favour so as not to be harmed by them. Then the people think that each person has a guardian angel told off by the one true God Himself to help him or her on the journey through this world in comfort. In this way, then, the Ainu believe that there are gods and demons in every particular thing and place.

Now, supposing a person is beginning to doubt his own religion and thinking of becoming a Christian, and so commences to give up worshipping the gods and propitiating the demons he has believed in from childhood. What do his friends think will happen? Why, they imagine the demons will attack and punish them, and that the gods will discontinue their favour. The deities, for example, will, they think, come and speak to his heart in this way:—

“You are a very wicked person, for you are neglecting us. You do not worship us now, nor do we see your offerings. You are thinking of becoming a Christian. That is why you do not acknowledge us any more. Unless you repent of this conduct and return to us, we will punish you and deliver you up to the power of the

demons. Yea, we will punish you and all your people. The gods of the springs and fountains will cease to send forth water; the demons of the clouds will stop the rain; the gods of the sun will scorch up the earth, and the demons of the winds will send forth hurricanes; the rivers will overflow their banks and your gardens will be washed away. Moreover, the locusts will come and eat up every green thing; fishes, birds, and animals will all die, and the people starve. Yea, the people shall waste away through hunger and thirst; they shall have bad dreams, and go about in fear and trembling; you shall be bewitched by birds, cats, dogs, foxes, wolves, bears, and squirrels; you shall screech like owls, mew like cats, bark like dogs, foxes, and wolves, and roar like bears; you shall become blind and deaf, and at last die in great agony. And besides all this, you shall be punished after death in the abode of the demons." So, say the people, will the gods and demons treat those and their friends also who give up their old religion to become Christians.

People who do not like Christianity try to frighten others who wish to join themselves to the Lord by speaking in the way now mentioned. And some believe them, I am sorry to say. But they also say other things. Thus they repeat: "You must not neglect the souls of your deceased relations and ancestors. They must be worshipped every year, and libations of wine and offerings of food must be placed before them" (see picture on page 107). The Japanese also offer them incense and lighted candles. The Ainu say that if the souls of their departed parents and grandparents are neglected they will come and punish their offspring with various diseases, and will spoil their gardens.

Thus you see it must be very, very difficult sometimes for the people to give up their own cherished beliefs for those of another creed. Many of them are afraid to do so, and dread the idea of any one of their relatives doing so either. This is one reason why persecutions

arise. Indeed there are many who think that if any calamity befall a place it is all owing to Christianity. Thus, for example, a severe shock of earthquake, a visitation of cholera, small-pox, or other sicknesses have been set down to it. So, too, if there should happen to be too much rain, or too little—even these matters have been set down to the fact that missionaries come to preach, and the people go to listen to them. Of course these ideas are gradually dying out now, for the people are becoming much wiser. There are also many others—and these are numerous—who imagine that it in no way matters what religion a person professes, but that he may be saved by any one of them. Some even place Jesus Christ by the side of the Buddhas and other false gods, and worship Him together with them. Pray that their eyes may be opened.





CHAPTER XI.

THE HARVEST.

“First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.”—*St. Mark* iv. 28.

VERY missionary feels that the work of sowing the Gospel seed in the hearts of the Heathen is a very glorious occupation. How delightful then must his feelings be, think you, when he is permitted not only to sow, but to reap as well! When he sees the souls for whom Christ died being gathered in, partly through his own instrumentality, he is overwhelmed with joy. I intend now in this last chapter to give some short account of the seed which is sown springing up and sending forth “first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear.” And to begin with, I will tell of a curious way in which the seed was sown quite unintentionally, and yet sprang up and bore fruit.

Among my acquaintances in Yezo there is a certain good man whom I consider it to be a great privilege to know somewhat intimately; for though a Heathen at one time, he has become a

splendid Christian, and is leading a most consistent Christ-like life. When he first began to go to hear the Gospel preached, his wife, who was a firm believer in Buddhism, was very angry and scolded him very much. One day, as he was going to a service, she said to him,—

“Why ever can you want to go to listen to the stuff and rubbish those missionaries and their abominable helpers come to preach? What can your object be? If you want to hear sermons, why don't you go to our own temples? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, for you know as well as I do that those foreigners have only come here to deceive us. It would be much better if you were to stay at home and read, or help look after the baby while I attend to my housework and sewing. I haven't patience with you men-folks. I believe it is just laziness and curiosity on your part.”

The husband—who himself told me of this—said that he took no notice of these remarks, but continued to go to the preaching-place as usual. It seems that he was quite dissatisfied with his own religion, and was truly seeking after the Truth.

After a few weeks had passed, the wife had another grumbling fit. But this time she said,—

“I really can't make you out.



Japanese Mother and Child.

Every time there is a preaching-service, away you go, post-haste, to listen, leaving me and the baby here by ourselves. I believe you, like so many other stupid creatures, are being deceived. You are a queer man, to be sure. Those missionaries no doubt say a lot of nice, extraordinary things. Come, now, you please stay at home this evening and mind the baby. I intend to go myself to-night and hear what it is they preach. I haven't patience with you men—you are all as full of curiosity as you can be!”

And so away the poor wife trotted, taking another friend with her, to the service, while the husband was left at home to nurse the baby. The woman said the men were full of curiosity. I think she herself was this time; don't you?

Upon her return after the service, the husband said,—

“Well, how did you get on? Did you understand what was said? Was it a nice address?”

“What,” said she, “did I understand indeed! I should just think I did understand. And ‘was it a nice address,’ did you say? Yes, I should think it was. No wonder you poor men-folk are deceived! That preacher is a very cunning fellow. He said nothing but what he thought would tickle our ears and please us all. It is really quite dangerous to go to hear him. I shall not go again, lest I also be deceived. I advise you, too, never again to go near that place.”

The husband only smiled at this, and kept quite silent. And so matters remained for a long time—he attending the service, and she staying at home nursing the baby. But one evening some time after, the wife came to him as he was about to go and hear another sermon, and said,—

“Now, look here, you dreadfully lazy and inquisitive man, I know where you are off to; but just please stay at home to-night. I mean to go myself this evening and hear what rubbish that missionary will

preach. I don't see why you should always go, and I stay at home."

And so it was arranged that she should go, and he stay at home to take charge once again of the house and baby.

Upon her return that evening she reported that the missionary was not so interesting this time. She said that he spoke "a lot of nonsense about sin and salvation." There was nothing left in her mind but the words, "*sin, sin, sin,* and *Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.* What does it all mean? I do not understand it. I am altogether puzzled to see however you can go to listen to such rubbish. What good can it do?"

This was the way the woman spoke. And so things went on. By-and-by it was noticed that the wife went more frequently to hear the "rubbish" preached! And the end of it all was that both she and her husband became converted and were baptized. Is not this an illustration of what Christ meant when He said of the seed which was sown, "First the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear"? I think it is truly so. The seed was sown by her husband's example, it was watered by the preacher's words, and the Holy Spirit caused it to spring up and bear fruit.

In some cases it takes a very long time for the corn to come to perfection in the ear, even after it is fully formed, though in others it is much quicker. I know one dear Christian woman—she is very old now—who had been baptized for more than twelve years, and who for several years had been a constant attendant at the Lord's Table before she became quite ripe. One day she sent me a small idol, for which she said she had no more use. She had kept this idol carefully hidden away in her private chest of drawers for twelve years after she had become a Christian! She kept it, she said, because she was afraid to part with it. She did not worship it, indeed, for she had quite given up idol-worship; but she was afraid

some misfortune might happen to her or her household if she got rid of it altogether. However, it was given me at last, and I have it by me now. I do not think I could call this old lady a good, full, ripe ear of the Lord's corn till that idol was quite given up. Could you? But I am very thankful that she parted with it at last. Let us praise God for it. It would have been much better if she had been bold and trusted the Lord Jesus fully. I wonder whether the reader of these pages can say that he or she has quite given up every "idol," or whether there may not be just one hidden away somewhere "in the heart." Think of it, and so try and find out for yourselves whether you have one, and also what it is. Should you discover one, *get rid of it at once*. Don't wait a single moment longer, but trust the Lord Jesus fully. This is the only safe way. There should be no compromise.

But in some cases the corn ripens in the ear much more quickly. I will now give an example of it. Some eight or nine years ago I baptized a lady who had always been a very firm believer in amulets or charms. Most of the people believe in charms, and there are a great number of them. There are those thought to be suitable for children, and others more especially suited for grown-up people; and while some are used by men only, there are others which are only used by the women. The lady of whom I am now writing had her charms, but as soon as she heard the Gospel preached she gave up her faith in them and accepted the Lord Jesus instead, which is very far better. She is now safe with Him in heaven. Soon after her baptism she brought her charms and gave them to us, at the same time saying that she had no more faith in them at all. The accompanying illustration is a photograph of them. We had no idea that she had any such things till she handed them to us. Perhaps the reader will wonder what charms are, and what they are used for. Well, they are particular objects generally worn on the bosom,

suspended from the neck by a string, or tied round the waist, and they never leave the body, so it is said, excepting when the possessor is taking a bath. Some of the females, however, carry idols as charms, snugly tied up in their dress under the *obi* or waistband, while the children carry theirs in small bags made for the purpose.

Let us now turn to those given in the illustration, for they have been actually worn and believed in. The dreadful creature with black face and inordinately fat nose is called *Suii Tengu*, and, I believe, is looked upon more as a demon than a god. When a woman wears one of them about her she imagines that it will, by some means or other, save her from drowning and other dangers! The lady who gave it us had travelled to Yezo by sea, and had come a distance of nearly a thousand miles in a ship; and so, before she started, had provided herself with it as a safeguard from shipwreck.



Women's Charms.

The one with the white face is called, I believe, *Aizen*, and its special work seems to be to provide good fortune, and to cause one's children to be lovable, kind, and all that is nice. Of course the Japanese mothers are just like English mothers in desiring to obtain the love and affection of their little ones. And surely they ought to have it! Ought they not? But to wear a charm such as that illustrated above, in order to obtain it, is just blindness. The wearing of charms or amulets is nothing else than superstition, and appears to us to be altogether ridiculous. There is no more sense in it than in nailing up a horseshoe before one's door, or in keeping

a lucky-stone or coin with a hole in it, in order to obtain good fortune. Yet the people believe in charms very firmly, and do not like giving them up. It is a great triumph when the Holy Spirit works in the heart of any one and makes him cease to believe in them. The woman referred to truly became a monument of God's grace when He gave her power so easily to give hers up. Ask God that many others may follow her example in these matters.

Thus, then, some few peeps at missionary work in Yezo have now been given. There are many other such-like matters which one might show the reader, but those now presented will suffice for this book. In conclusion, I will therefore simply commend these pages to the young people of England and ask them each to offer up a prayer for the C.M.S. in Yezo—the Church, ministers, and people. May God bless us all!

THE END.



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